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Events of the Week.

ONE thing can safely be said about the Budget. This Government will never propose another. For the rest, Mr. Chamberlain's statement contained nothing unexpected—from such a Ministry as this is. The withdrawal of E.P.D. had been announced before, and no other change is to be made except the cancellation of the unprofitable attempts made last year to over-tax wines and cigars. The bad Corporation Tax is to be retained notwithstanding its small yield last year, and the doubtful prospect of getting the £30,000,000 assigned to it this year. Income tax remains at the present crushing level, and is estimated to yield £410½ millions, or twice the total national revenue before the war. Something is gained for income tax by the withdrawal of E.P.D., notwithstanding the large sum of £120,000,000 accredited to the latter for arrears. Customs and Excise are put at £303,000,000, and the total Ordinary Receipts is set at £1,058,000,000. This, when set against Ordinary Expenditure (put at £974,000,000) leaves a surplus of £84,000,000. Thus much for the Ordinary Budget. But there must be taken into account on both sides the Special Receipts and Expenditure of an extraordinary nature. This is a novel feature in the form of the Budget. It rightly separates from the ordinary revenue the contribution from War Assets Sales, estimated at £158½ millions, and the Liquidation of War Commitments, amounting to nearly £94,000,000. On this account the special surplus reaches £65½ millions.

THERE are two specially disconcerting features in this Budget. The first and most serious is the maintenance of so abnormal an expenditure in the third year of peace. The normal, put at the very high figure of £800 millions, still stands very remote, when we add to the total Ordinary Expenditure of the year (£974 millions) the Extra Expenditure of £93 millions, and the necessary provision for payments of maturing debts, to say nothing of unascertained liabilities for the railways and the supplementaries which have come to be regarded as a matter of course. The total surplus budgeted for amounts to £177 millions. But the Chancellor does not expect that as much as one-half will be available, having regard to the coal stoppage and the railways. This is a worsening of the situation compared with last year. Then he could budget for a surplus of £234 millions, giving a material reduction in our permanent debt, while paying off all maturing obligations. This year's surplus, even were it all available, would not nearly

suffice to meet the maturing home and foreign obligations, not to speak of the £80 millions Exchequer Bonds falling due. Nor is there any expressed intention of paying the interest upon our debt to America, the amount of which has so far been simply rolling up.

THE menace of a heavy floating debt, with a batch of rapidly maturing war loans, has led the Chancellor to adopt the novel step of a conversion loan. This is a very heavy bribe to the holders of bonds maturing between October, 1922, and September, 1925, to convert into a forty years' loan by offering terms which will yield a return of £5 14s. to £5 12s. on their investment. At this high rate the interest is standardized for forty years. The bribe, it is estimated, will cost the taxpayer some £4,000,000 per annum. It is simply the index of past and present extravagance and waste. If the Government had not squandered some hundreds of millions on their disastrous policies in Russia and Mesopotamia, that money, properly applied, would have set us fairly on the road to financial salvation. If even now they would cut their policy according to their purse, they could sensibly reduce this mountain of expenditure and the oppressive taxation it entails. Heavy our expenditure must be, apart from policy, with £325,000,000 for interest on debts, allowing nothing for sinking funds, and £327,500,000 for Civil Services. Nothing but a capital levy, or a signal fall of interest, will enable our Government to effect any early considerable reduction in the former. Nor is it reasonable to expect that a large reduction can be made in the Civil Service costs, unless prices are stabilized at a much lower level than seems likely, and salaries and other costs can be adjusted to this lower scale.

BUT the maintenance of armaments at this enormous figure simply registers the badness of our foreign policy, the insincerity of the League of Nations, the truckling to France, and the cult of Imperialism by Mandates. Able critics in the House—Sir Godfrey Collins, whose brilliant speech deserves the new honor of a public placarding—Mr. Lambert, and Mr. Graham—urged stoutly the practicability of large cuts in this expenditure. The only answer got from Mr. Hilton Young, for the Government, was that the Governmental financial machinery was excellent, and that the country could afford to pay an income tax of £410 millions out of an assessable income of £2,350 millions. This impertinence takes no account of the trade depression. Business men cannot pay the present taxes, still less the arrears from more prosperous years, without laming our commerce. Our professional classes in particular, struggling with a new-felt poverty, are simply waiting in hope of the relief of a further fall in prices. But when that comes, it will bring a larger fall in the inflated money incomes that form the only basis of Mr. Hilton Young's optimism.

THE fateful question whether France shall in effect renew the war by seizing the Ruhr coalfield is still unsettled as we write. Her mood is unrelenting, her resolve unshaken, and her language that of a dictator. But the events of this critical week have made it morally difficult for her to carry out her purpose, for whatever may be the verdict, after an exact analysis, on the German offer, it could not be

rejected as a basis of discussion unless the Allies prefer coercion for its own sake. That may well be the truth about the French. For, while the British Cabinet asks questions about the exact meaning of the offer, and maintains a complete reserve as to its value, the French Government, neither asking questions nor awaiting replies, has already declared semi-officially that it finds the offer "impossible as a basis of useful discussion." That is ominous, for, little as we know about the discussions between Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand at Lympe, Parliament has been plainly told that, failing further negotiations, this country, which would willingly have done with France, will support her in the occupation of the Westphalian coalfield.

* * *

THE history of the new offer is almost romantic in its haphazard origin. Four American bankers, who happened to be in Berlin to negotiate a credit for raw materials, suggested the direct appeal to Mr. Harding for American mediation, and even, it is said, helped to draft it. It was frankly an appeal *ad misericordiam*, and it contained the most categorical pledge to accept absolutely, and to carry out literally, whatever decisions Mr. Harding as arbitrator might reach as to Germany's obligation to pay. For this step Dr. Simons has been sharply criticized at home, partly (by all parties) because he took it without the authority of the Reichstag, and partly (by the Right parties) because the tone of his note was abject and the promise to accept any figure fixed by America too risky. In this form Mr. Harding promptly rejected the German appeal, but he did in fact promise to use his influence and good offices by forwarding the new German offer to the Allies, if it should be in his opinion a suitable basis for renewed negotiations. This really is in effect mediation, and should America find the new offer a promising one, the Allies cannot, without gross discourtesy, refuse discussion.

* * *

THAT the new offer is a considerable advance on the London basis is clear. But equally it falls short, though not hopelessly so, of the Paris demands. It is said to amount to £10,000 millions on an annuity basis, which is not much less than the Allied £11,300 millions, but the reckoning requires scrutiny. The 12 per cent. tax, which might have brought in another £3,000 millions, is, however, silently rejected. The most doubtful point is whether the Germans include the £400 millions (or £1,000 millions) which they have already delivered in their total offer of £2,500 millions at present values. If they do so, and stick to their own estimate, then the new offer is really only to pay at present values £1,500 millions, which was Mr. Keynes's figure. Till this point is cleared up the offer can hardly be judged.

* * *

ANOTHER doubtful point touches Upper Silesia. One of the conditions of the offer is that "the present basis of production is not decreased." It certainly would be gravely decreased, even if only the two most Polish districts, Pless and Rybnik, were taken, for they contain undeveloped mines even richer and longer-lived than those of the Ruhr. These mines are precisely the best chance which Germany has, perhaps the only chance, of paying a substantial indemnity. But Mr. George regarded the former condition about Silesia as in itself a sufficient reason for rejecting the London offer. Commonsense would rule otherwise, but if Mr. George is already committed to the French scheme for getting these mines for Poland (which means, in effect, for herself), then the new offer may break down at the same point as the last.

LOOKING at it broadly, the new offer contains two attractive features. Restoration is promised to France by every conceivable agency, partly by private German enterprise, partly by official French organization using German labor and material, and partly by money payments. Again, the immediate needs of France are kept in view in the undertaking that Germany will finance an international loan, and pledge all her resources to do so. How far she can in fact succeed, however, even Dr. Simons seems to doubt, and his speech to the Reichstag suggests that under the pressure of Allied coercion, he has gone somewhat further than sober German experts think the resources of their country warrant. He asks for the creation of some expert authority other than the Reparations Commission to value German deliveries—a very proper stipulation. He also offers £50 millions down, in mixed deliveries of gold, silver, foreign securities, and Treasury bonds, instead of the £50 millions of the gold reserve which the Reparations Commission has so recklessly claimed. Another detail is the offer to take over the Allied debt to America. It is, in short, an offer to be taken seriously. But also it is not an offer which the French will accept, if they are bent on ruining their debtor in the act of "searching his pockets."

* * *

LORD DERBY's mission to Ireland in the plebeian character of a "Mr. Edwards" has reported itself to the Prime Minister, from whose ark this dove was sent. We fancy that Lord Derby is the last of a series of half-appointed and self-appointed ambassadors, of whom Lord Haldane (in the first category) was one. All of them have been turned down by Sinn Fein largely on the ground that they were not invested with the proper authority. Lord Derby, however, was received, and he says that he will go back to Ireland. The fact that the ex-Ambassador to the French Republic has interviewed the Irish Republican leaders has certainly impressed the Irish; and his speech on Monday has struck them as an honest statement. His character and position make it unlikely that he would lend himself to a dodge to cover up the suggested postponement of the elections, and he has at least resorted to the only Irishmen who can deliver the goods. But it is no use dealing on the basis of the existing Act, and any attempt to work upon it faces the instant objection that it is made to save the Government from the shock of its imminent collapse. The corpse of the Act is already on its bier.

* * *

THE substitution of Sir Edward Grigg for Mr. Philip Kerr in the garden of 10, Downing Street, means in these days something not very different from a change in the Foreign Secretaryship in normal times. Mr. Kerr, while nominally holding the position of private secretary to the Prime Minister, has been as regards foreign affairs something more like a French *chef de cabinet* than anyone in a similar office in this country before. It is hinted that his resignation is due to the fact that, Youngish Tory though he is reputed to be, his Liberalism is of a slightly better quality in such matters as the coercion of Germany than his chief's, though on Ireland, it was, if possible, a little worse. But his loyalty and discretion have been uniformly scrupulous, and he has for four years suppressed his personal views in the discussion of public affairs to an extent that must have induced discomfort sufficient in itself to account for his escape into freedom. For successor the Prime Minister has gone to the "Round Table" again, for Sir Edward Grigg, in addition to being

a former Colonial editor of the "Times," has also, like Mr. Kerr, edited the quarterly in which Lord Milner's young men have for ten years preached their particular Imperialism.

* * *

THE breakdown of Mr. Lloyd George's improvisation in finance, the 50 per cent. tax on German imports, is now confessed. It has yielded just £3,000 in three weeks, which seems to promise £53,000 per annum. As a method of raising an indemnity from Germany, this is almost too broad for farce. In operation it really amounts to a 100 per cent. tax on the value of goods imported, and naturally the whole of it is paid by the British importer. It is a sort of boomerang "sanction." It hits the British consumer, but it also hits the German producer, for it has, naturally, resulted in an almost total stoppage of trade. It will stand in history with the Land Tax as "rare" if not exactly "refreshing fruit." Also as a purely Protectionist tax.

* * *

THE Allies have hitherto reckoned on the indefinite passivity of Austria amid her miseries. It may be a sound calculation, for hunger, which in its early stages nerves the victim to a wolf-like courage, ends by depriving him of all power of movement. The *plébiscite*, which the State Government of the Tyrol has insisted on holding, shows that its population is almost solid for union with Germany (110,000 votes against 1,500). The result is remarkable, for it must mean that the Conservative Catholic peasants are now as eager for this solution as the Socialist workmen of the towns were from the beginning. The tiny minority are presumably royalists who adhere to the French solution of a Hapsburg restoration. If they are negligible in the Catholic and once loyalist Tyrol, they must be even less numerous elsewhere. France registered a peculiarly brutal protest before the *plébiscite* was taken, in which she threatened the stoppage of all relief, if the Pro-German movement continued. We are glad to see from Mr. Harmsworth's answer to a question, that she took this step without our participation. Probably nothing further will happen. The Vorarlberg voted long ago and in vain for union with Switzerland. Meanwhile, the scheme for relief by private loan on the Ter Meulen plan, which the Allies tossed to the League of Nations, is buried in the usual delays. The callous Allies do nothing for Austria, and they forbid her to help herself.

* * *

AT the time of writing the question whether there is to be another breakdown in the coal negotiations, or whether a new mandate from the districts shall be asked for, hangs in the balance. During the week members of the Government, the owners' committee, and the miners' executive have been engaged in discussions on the details of a temporary arrangement to carry the industry over the worst period of the trade depression. The basis of this proposed arrangement is (a) an agreed maximum cut in wages, (b) a sacrifice of all profits in the worst districts, and (c) a grant in aid from the Government to make up the difference between the loss on the industry and the amount of the wage reduction. A continuance of modified control on these lines could have been obtained without a strike, and the country would have been spared immense loss. An acceptable permanent settlement might then have been negotiated under more normal conditions. Now the pool question

remains an obstacle to agreement, as both the Prime Minister and the miners' leaders hold that any temporary arrangement must be coupled with an agreement on the principles of a permanent settlement. In other words there must be no makeshift bargain which might lead in a few months to a renewed war.

* * *

THIS conclusion inevitably brought the parties once more up against the obstacle of the levy or pool. The miners' leaders maintained their demand for a national settlement and provision for the elimination of great variation in district wage rates when the period of Government help comes to an end. A section of the miners' delegates advocated a break-up of their conference, while others argued that the new proposals for a temporary arrangement should be referred to the districts with a clear intimation that their acceptance would mean an ultimate reversion to district wages. At the beginning of the new discussions the owners' proposals were so obscure that the Prime Minister had to insist on the production of figures which would show clearly what they meant, and these were not given until Tuesday. As to the Government, Sir Robert Horne first suggested a varying district reduction not to exceed 3s. 6d. a day anywhere. The miners refused to discuss this. On Thursday Sir Robert Horne, after seeing the owners, substituted a proposal that there should be a maximum reduction of 3s. a day in all the coalfields, that the Government should contribute £10,000,000, spread over a period of four months, and informed the miners that the pooling scheme was finally rejected. The question of profits in the best districts was left obscure. At every turn, whether the question be wages, or districts, or larger areas, this problem of inequality emerges. The N.U.R. Executive's embargo on the removal of coal for commercial use, followed as it was by the suspension of railwaymen, has merely complicated the general situation. Ill-organized strikes to enforce reinstatement of the suspended men cannot possibly help the miners. The swift reprisal of the Great Northern officials in suspending the Nottingham men was as unwise as the embargo.

* * *

MR. FARBMAN's telegrams to the "Observer" from Riga, the only news about Russia worth considering at this turning point, leave no doubt that the concessions of free trade in food involve the most vital modification of the Communist *régime*. Lenin, as usual, is quite frank; he has a kind of cynical honesty which recalls Bismarck. "Free trade and foreign concessions," he said lately, "bring back Capitalism to Russia. Whoever tries to explain it away is comforting himself with empty words." That reads like a confession of failure, though to be sure, the failure was always latent in the land policy of small holdings, which the Bolsheviks took over from the Social Revolutionaries. Moreover, it seems that private enterprise is also going to be tolerated and even encouraged in the domain of the smaller industries. Lenin professes not to fear the results of these surrenders, since the State still retains the big factories, transport, and the monopoly of foreign trade. These may be strategically the key positions, but can Communist ideas make much headway, if nearly all the peasants, nine in ten of the population, produce and trade on individualistic lines? One wants to know how far the somewhat shattered co-operative organization can cope with the new situation. That seems the only Socialist line of development now open, apart from Lenin's electrical Utopia.

Politics and Affairs.

THE TRUE RÔLE OF AMERICA.

THE events of the past week send memory back inevitably to the moving chapter of history that preceded the armistice. In her need Germany has, for the second time, appealed to America. Mr. Wilson was far from receiving the surrender of the enemy easily. He first made his own terms. He withheld his good offices until the Kaiser's throne was first undermined and then upset. In that stern and not unjust intervention the world read a promise of mercy to come. The dynasty was overthrown which had created an armed ascendancy over Europe, and in its place a democratic Republic stood ready to bear the inherited load of the past, and to create a more innocent future. The way was open to a peace of conciliation. The Fourteen Points were adopted as its basis, and the disarmament of the foe on land and sea should have banished the fear that is always kin to cruelty. Mr. Wilson lost the leadership which this episode had placed in his hands, and the peace which followed ignored in the letter and the spirit almost every one of his points. Since he retired from the scene of his defeat, a broken and lonely man, the dictatorship of the Allies has become a daily offence to every maxim of liberal statesmanship. It has reared up again in Central Europe a spirit of reaction and militarism that seemed to be dead in 1918. It has covered the map with as many injustices as it righted. It has repressed and confounded the sane economic impulses of work and reconstruction which might ere now have brought back the Continent within sight of its former prosperity. A more reckless, a more absolute, a more dictatorial militarism has replaced the evil thing which the war had broken.

Once more an American President reappears upon the scene, but this time against his will. Mr. Harding has no idealist ambitions, no will to be the architect of a new time, no guiding ideas, no cosmopolitan knowledge or experience. He and his party hold the simplest orthodox creed diffused by propaganda. They have old sentimental ties with France. They are probably the least disposed to a sympathetic attitude of any existing Allied group outside France. Save for the presence of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover in the Cabinet, and the fact that they have no direct interest in indemnities, there is nothing about them to inspire blind confidence. None the less, Dr. Simons has flung himself absolutely on Mr. Harding's mercy, much as Prince Max of Baden surrendered the German sword to Mr. Wilson. His appeal for mediation, coupled as it was with a promise to accept and carry out the verdict of America, reveals the despair and helplessness of this unhappy nation.

But while Mr. Harding's advisers may be free from the bitterness and exigence of the French, they are the last people in the world to "let off the Germans easily." In form, Mr. Harding has refused the responsibility of a mediator or arbitrator, and he is said to have declined to transmit the last German offer to the Allies. He has, however, pledged his influence to secure a reasonable settlement, provided he is satisfied that the German offer furnishes a proper basis for discussion. There is the first ray of hope in this detestable quarrel. It matters little whether the process be mediation, arbitration, or the mere exercise of influence. The essential is that some mind, unbiassed by its own financial needs and unhampered by electioneering promises, should review the facts, and bring the just obligations of Germany into some relation with her unknown ability to pay.

As usual in this hard, post-war world, realism underlies what is in effect a beneficent action. The German appeal seems to have been prompted by certain American financiers, who were anxious to advance raw materials on credit to German industry. They saw, of course, that the seizure of the Ruhr might ruin the country with which they hoped to do business, and destroy any prospect of advantage from this or similar transactions in the future. There are large possibilities in American-German co-operation. America has the raw materials and the ships; Germany has the science and the knowledge of the technique of world trade. In helping Germany out of her embarrassments over the indemnity, American capital, which finds abundant raw materials largely unmarketable, may benefit at once itself and Europe.

One feels, however, in these critical days before the fateful May Day, no absolute assurance that a peaceful settlement will be found. Germany is distracted, tactless, and ill-led. America has not yet found her foreign policy. Mr. Lloyd George seems to be, more obviously than before, the none too brilliant second of the French. Of their state of mind we hear nothing reassuring. Unless they have been conducting all these months an unparalleled game of bluff, M. Briand dare not accept anything less than the Paris figures—the Opposition even spurs him to insist on more. The new offer, high though it is, does fall decidedly short. Moreover, since the Germans are materially unable by any means to find the £600 millions in which the Reparations Commission—rightly or wrongly, but in any case without the support of any neutral referee—finds them in default, the Allies may say that the Treaty has not been fulfilled. It is monstrous to refuse an impartial audit, but the Treaty itself made no provision for that. It was no less monstrous to demand £1,000 millions down by May, 1921, but the Germans, under the stress of hunger, set their signatures to this promise. Morally, the whole procedure is a mockery of civilization, but technically the Treaty does justify further "sanctions." The French, legally, have a case, and there is not much doubt that they do positively and even ardently desire to seize the Ruhr. Its possession would make them the economic dictators of Europe. It might even realize the apparently incompatible ambitions which they have all along pursued—the ruin of Germany, combined with tangible indemnities. It might hasten the break-up of the Reich, and the completion of their satellite system. They have worked hard for this crisis, and they will not easily be turned aside. There is at this juncture just one thing which public opinion in this country may do. It could, if it were outspoken, render the French plan for the seizure of the Ruhr morally impossible. The elements of that public opinion are ready. A private memorandum against it has gone from Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, and the Labor leaders. The Labor Party has issued a strong manifesto which appeared in Saturday's "Daily Herald." The "Observer" has expressed a decided opinion, and even the "Daily Chronicle" has objections to urge in detail, while the "Times" sees the danger of a permanent occupation. City and working-class opinion are equally hostile.

We do not know the details of the French plan, but there are ugly hints of means by which the miners are to be coerced into work through their "stomachs." The sums which the French expect cannot be realized, unless the industries as well as the mines are laid under contribution. Some forecasts even talk of raising the wages of the four million population of the Ruhr by taxes to be levied on the ten millions of the rest of the occupied area. The scheme seems to be one for forced labor based

upon bayonets and hunger. There are some scores of thousands of Polish miners in the Ruhr, and they might submit. But we doubt if German miners, given their usually sturdy spirit, will accept this scheme; and if it could be put into operation, it would probably convert these sober, democratic Socialist workers into violent Communists, whose one thought would be to seek escape by revolution. If the coal and other vital products of the Ruhr are to bear the costs of occupation, and to furnish a vast surplus for reparation, the prices charged to the German consumer will have to be high, which means that little or, at any rate, much less of this coal will find its way to German industries outside the Ruhr. That spells swift desolation for the entire Reich, and the renewal of a crisis of food and work which would be severer and also more hopeless than that of the blockade years. For this French plan is meaningless, unless it is intended to be permanent. If the indemnity is to be raised in any way, with or without military coercion, by a tax on Ruhr coal, it must be continued for thirty or forty years. The French might as well propose to march through Germany and massacre a third of the population. The blockade was, by comparison, a merciful process. It is necessary to reinforce such arguments by self-regarding considerations. For two other consequences are clear. Unless the French utterly mismanaged their business, our own coal exports could never be recovered. *Our trade with this ruined Continent could not be revived.*

The Ruhr is prominently in the public mind. But the issue in Upper Silesia is only a little less grave. If the French succeed in dividing that province, as they propose, the blow to Germany will be only less mortal than that of the seizure of the Ruhr. The German vote, given the conditions of terrorism, was a large one, and it would have been well over the actual 60 per cent. had not German residents been excluded unless they qualified before 1904. But in two districts, Pless and Rybnik, the Poles had a substantial local majority. It so happens that out of the estimated 11,300 milliard tons of coal which the soil of Upper Silesia covers, these two districts alone have 9,000 milliard tons. Any division, then, means the loss of most of the coal. The French proposals however, go much further, and on the ground that the industry must go with the coal, claim for Poland populous regions and towns which had a big German majority. The French are right in their premise. The province is economically a unit. But it is organically linked in countless ways with the rest of Germany. Given the German majority over the whole area, that ought to mean its attribution as a whole to Germany. To divide Silesia, while seizing the Ruhr, would mean, in the most literal sense, the irreparable ruin of all Germany.

We need not repeat that we are anxious that the just French claims to restoration should be satisfied. We would urge what none of the professed partisans of France have proposed, that we should forego our own claims and debts to help her. But this said, it is time to call for a resolute and unflinching resistance to the Neo-Napoleonism of victorious France. The word does Napoleon wrong. In his prime, at least, he was, with all his egoism and ruthlessness, the soldier of an idea. Round him, wherever he advanced, the young liberalism of Europe rose in welcome. His victory, oppressive as it was, meant at least the end of feudalism and clericalism. The Neo-Napoleonism of to-day serves no idea. Its aim is mere aggrandizement. Its directors are the Imperialists and great industrials of France, its allies the reactionary landowning castes of Poland, Hungary, and Roumania. It schemes and coerces for iron and coal and oil. It is the crudest and the most

ruthless form of economic Imperialism which modern Europe has produced. To oppose it in its plot to enslave a Continent by snatching its coal is not merely to do Europe a service. It is also to promote the recovery of the greater and humaner France and to revive the fast dying hope of a peaceful non-revolutionary Europe.

FROM PROPAGANDA TO FORGERY.

SOME few years before the war there was an important departure in our methods of government. A Government Department had hitherto been a machine for administration; at the time of the passing of the Insurance Act, the Government decided to make it a machine for what is known as publicity. A complicated measure had been placed on the Statute Book, and Mr. Lloyd George, the Minister responsible, felt that the taxpayers' money would be well spent in employing and training people to expound it. There was a good deal to be said for his idea, though it was obviously open to abuse. It had been an incalculable advantage to us in the past to possess a Civil Service that was kept within closely defined limits, whose conduct and publications were clear of all association with the aims of party.

Then came the war, which completely transformed the character of our administration. "Publicity" became more and more important, because the impression made, both abroad and at home, was naturally an essential element in creating the right atmosphere. At one time there were no less than four different publicity departments advertising the same set of transactions. More serious, publicity naturally became propaganda, and propaganda that was quite unscrupulous. It was its aim to tell not what was true, but what was useful. Two sets of combatants, locked in the most deadly struggle of all history, were competing for the ear of the world. The best propaganda was a careful blending of the false with the true, and human ingenuity was pushed to its utmost development in contriving to create the illusions that would stimulate friends, dishearten foes, and put before neutrals a flattering hope or a salutary fear.

When the war came to an end there was no longer a case for maintaining this kind of propaganda as a Government function. But having learnt what a convenient instrument the war had forged, Ministers were reluctant to lay aside a weapon which was the more powerful because it was new. For the British people retained the habit of regarding official declarations or statistics as responsible and non-partisan announcements, and a Minister who issued such communications in his own interest would gain all the benefit of this tradition. The Government, therefore, gave it out that the State was still in danger, and that war-time methods could not safely be discarded. Now war-time methods included propaganda that was designed to tell not what was true, but what was useful—to Ministers. Thus the screen which had been put up to shield the facts from the rest of the world was now used to shield the facts from the British people.

Once it is agreed that the truth has to be concealed or perverted for motives that can plausibly be represented as public reasons, there is obviously no limit to the methods a Minister will allow himself. Once the first step from publicity to propaganda has been taken, the next step from propaganda to forgery is not difficult. Just as the soldier sitting on a Court-martial in Ireland regards himself not as a judge but as an officer of a garrison, so the Minister who is in charge of a system of force, reposing purely on fear, thinks only of the means by which he can secure the desired impression.

Dublin Castle has thus become the kind of factory for false information which every Government employed during the war, and when Sir Hamar Greenwood or Mr. Henry answers a question in the House of Commons, his answer bears as much relation to the truth as a piece of information issued by the G.H.Q. of any army in the war, at a time when it was particularly important to conceal the knowledge of plans or movements. Sir John Simon's crushing letter in the "Times" of Monday proves out of Mr. Lloyd George's own mouth that he and Sir Hamar Greenwood made statements of the gravest kind last autumn which they must have known to be misleading. Ministers who think they are justified in such conduct will justify any manipulation of the facts. Now we have come to the peculiar manipulation of the facts known as forgery.

The extraordinary thing about the Government's forgeries is that they are in many cases so unskilful. The forged "Bulletins" which have been issued from some purview of Dublin Castle ever since the offices of the genuine "Bulletin" were discovered and ransacked, have been so ludicrously unskilful that they were detected almost at once. When you forge a letter from a man it is well to have regard to his style, his manner, and his habit of thought and speech. The Irish "Bulletin" has at least been marked by dignity in style and an avoidance of extravagant statements. The forged "Bulletin" shows no trace of these qualities. On the contrary, it is distinguished by a singularly vulgar tone and a ridiculous exaggeration. In other words the writer, instead of copying the spirit of the documents he is trying to imitate, has copied the spirit of the Minister he serves. The following passages, for example, should have put everybody who had read the Irish "Bulletin" on his guard:—

"The thousands of murdered men, women, and children, the millions of ruined houses, the blackened and devastated country, these have been testified to by hundreds of eye-witnesses. Ireland to-day is a desert, and her exports of agricultural produce, which at one time went in boat loads, are now so dwindled that practically all the export trade of Ireland is done by the English parcel post. . . ."

Another passage is headed:—

"Not playing at war. The young Republic's baptism of blood." "War, as waged by the forces of the Republic, is not a kid glove affair." "In no single recorded case have the Republican forces attacked a single policeman with the odds less than six to one. By this strategic handling of all combats, victory has invariably rested with the Republicans. Science in war, as practised by the young men of Ireland, has staggered humanity, and it will be a long time ere humanity recovers from the blow."

Into these burlesque fabrications are inserted passages which the Government might like to find in the "Bulletin," but which do not appear there. For example, there are passages expressing gratitude to Mr. Asquith, Commander Kenworthy, General Cockerill, and others, and seeking in the same way to discredit the "Times" and other critics of the Government's policy. "A leading article in the 'Times' of March 28th, under the above heading, seems to show that even that journal is weakening in the support of Sinn Fein methods and of the Irish National cause." This is a very simple device for bringing odium on political opponents. Take this sequence:—

(1) Not long ago a man called on a well-known Irish lady and represented himself as a person who was anxious to introduce Continental Socialism into Ireland, and who had been imprisoned in Dublin Castle. His hostess told him, not realizing at first who he was, that she did not believe in Continental Socialism, and

that she thought it in any case most unsuitable for Ireland. The man seemed disappointed, but he sat on and could not be got rid of. Other visitors called, and he tried them all with the same topic, getting no encouragement. One of the visitors was an able American journalist, who thus had an interesting glimpse into our Government's methods. The spy was a clumsy fellow, for he said, in course of conversation, that he had been to a well-known Irishman, who has always been an opponent of violence and a man of very moderate views, and that this gentleman had said that nothing was of any use except bombs.

(2) The first number of the forged "Bulletin" contains this sentence: "There is less crime in Ireland than in any country in Europe, except Bolshevik Russia."

(3) On April 21st "Hansard" reports the following question and answer:—

"Sir W. Davison asked the Chief Secretary whether he has any evidence of a connection between the Bolshevik Government of Russia and the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland?"

"Mr. Henry: There is such evidence, and I hope to place before the House a White Paper on this subject in the course of a few days."

Take another sequence.

On April 15th the "Morning Post" published a letter, which purported to be written by Mr. Michael Collins, in which the writer stated that the questions asked in the House of Commons about the R.I.C. were asked on his instructions, and that the information given had been very useful.

(Our readers will remember that it was in the "Morning Post" that the famous resolution of the Anti-Sinn Fein Society, threatening to murder three Sinn Feiners in Cork, was published.)

On April 18th Mr. Henry said, in the House of Commons, that this letter had come into the hands of the authorities.

On April 19th Mr. Henry gave this letter as a reason for refusing to give any information about the R.I.C.

Our readers will observe that this letter is remarkably convenient to the Government in two ways: it throws discredit on Members who ask questions, and it gives an excuse for refusing to give information that would discredit their administration. In fact, it is so useful that we can imagine the Government saying of the letter, as Voltaire said of the Almighty, that if it did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it. And the suspicion excited by this opportune document is not diminished when we turn to the bogus "Bulletin," which published this paragraph on April 21st:—

"The same meeting of the Irish Cabinet decided that questions might be asked and points of discussion raised in the English Houses of Parliament, and members of the Cabinet (of which Mr. Michael Collins is one) were given permission to get in touch with friendly members."

Is not this just a little overdoing it? The Publicity Department must learn not to dot its *i*'s and cross its *t*'s quite so carefully.

For our part we believe that the time has come when Members of Parliament should refuse to accept the word of Ministers on Ireland, or to treat them as if they could be presumed to be presenting a true and fair account of the situation there. Mr. Mosley's questions have shown once again that the Prime Minister dare not deny that he and his colleagues set to work the disreputable forces which have played such havoc in Ireland. A Government with such a crime on its conscience cannot afford to tell the truth. For if half the truth were known, it would lose a good deal more than its office.

THE NEW TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE COBDEN CLUB.

THE Coalition Government has the credit of reviving many things which most of us hoped were buried for ever: coercion for Ireland, the rule of the soldier, the Colonial system, Protection, the contempt of Parliament. Mr. Lloyd George may come to be remembered as another Cromwell—a second Oliver in Ireland, a new Thomas in England. Fortunately for us, the implied comparison is rather flattering to him, for Mr. George lacks the fixity of purpose, the impersonal, political ambition of either Cromwell.

Public opinion, recovering from its astonishment at the rapid development of the Protectionist schemes of this spring—the Reparation Act, already passed, and the Key Industry and Anti-Dumping Resolutions, which it is proposed to lay before Parliament—is beginning to realize the ruin with which they threaten trade. As the trade of the nation is a necessity of its life, it cannot be said that any aspect of the matter is more important, but there are incidental tendencies of the new legislation which should not be forgotten. Among other iniquities, the new Protection, as embodied in the Government's policy, revives in another form the old "taxes on knowledge."

It is from this point of view that I propose to deal with them. When, in 1849, the Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee was formed, Mr. John Francis, then publisher of the "Athenæum," had already been protesting against this tax on knowledge for several years, and from thenceforward he worked unceasingly to obtain the repeal of the imposts thus crippling the Press. The "Athenæum," then, has a long and honorable tradition behind it on this matter. The "taxes on knowledge" were three: the newspaper stamp, the paper duty, and the tax on advertisements; together they brought in a revenue of about a million and a half yearly. Of these, it is not yet proposed to revive the advertisement duty or the stamp—their time may come if the Coalition lasts long enough—but, indirectly, the paper duty has already been revived, and there is a strong outcry from the paper manufacturers to make the impost direct and permanent.

It began with the embargo on the import of paper two years ago. The Order in Council issued after the Armistice, which prohibited the import of paper from the United States, aroused in 1919 the wrath of the most devoted of all Tariff Reformers, the proprietors of the "Daily Express"; but it was a newer convert to the faith, the house of Hulton, who pointed out most clearly the reactionary character of this new Protection. The "Evening Standard" very truly said:—

"The immense expansion of the printing trades in this country is, of course, based on cheap paper. Before the paper duties were abolished there was no popular Press: books were extravagantly dear, and one of the main solaces of civilized life was denied to the average man and woman. If the paper manufacturers can prevail with the Government, over which they have shown so far so extraordinary an influence, those conditions will be to a large extent reproduced."

For some weeks newspaper readers could enjoy the comedy of a Protectionist revolt against Protection, but the storm subsided for a while, to be revived this year.

Recent letters in the Press by Lord Beaverbrook and Sir Edward Hulton were directed against the demand of the paper manufacturers to have paper included among the "key" industries and subjected to an import duty of 33½ per cent. On the face of it, this would be a very nice thing for the paper makers. Below

is a table of actual prices per pound paid for paper by a great publishing firm:—

	1914.	During War.	After Armistice, 1919.	Present Day.
Common News	1½d. ...	7½d. ...	6d. ...	4½d.
Novel News	2d. ...	9d. ...	6½d. ...	5½d.
Better Grades	2½d. ...	1s. 6d. ...	9½d. ...	8½d.

That these inflated prices have, in effect, been a tax on knowledge by contributing to the rise in prices of books and newspapers is certain. Paper is the raw material of the author and the journalist; even, in a sense, of civilization; the material field on which men sow the seeds of the spirit. This was recognized by Lord Northcliffe when he acquired the great estate in Newfoundland, and started to make his own paper. We may think the quantity of paper imported by the Harmsworth Press since then bears an excessive proportion to the wisdom printed on it, but that does not affect the truth of the proposition which Mr. Francis and the old opponents of "taxes on knowledge" maintained, that "a tax on paper is a tax on education."

If the Reparation Act does not shortly become a dead letter, we already have an indirect tariff on paper. Under that Act, as I understand it, goods coming from any part of the world are subject to tariff unless accompanied by an approved Consular certificate that they do not contain more than 25 per cent. of German workmanship. If such a provision is at all workable, which I admit is very doubtful, all paper imports that cannot obtain that certificate will be taxed, and all others will be hampered by the need to obtain it. The proposed anti-dumping legislation does not include paper, but it has roused a loud demand from paper manufacturers for its inclusion. This has again called forth protests from Sir Edward Hulton and Lord Beaverbrook, which, as far at least as the latter is concerned, amount to definite opposition to any paper duty whatsoever. Unfortunately, the protest has not as yet been made from a high patriotic or educational point of view. The economic reasoning of these newspaper proprietors applies to all the trades affected by the proposed anti-dumping legislation as much as to paper, while they say nothing of the far greater hindrance done to the education of the people by a tax affecting serious literature and the needs of schools and colleges than by one on the publications issued from their own offices. Nevertheless, their protest is timely, and should serve to arouse the alarm of one of the greatest and by far the most articulate of our industries.

Looking at the whole Protectionist movement, as far as it has as yet evolved a definite programme, however, we may see that by some perverse fate it seems almost as though definitely aimed against education. It is not only through paper, already indirectly taxed, and through the demands of the paper makers further threatened, that the Government programme involves a "tax on knowledge." The first Resolution of the Ways and Means Committee proposes an *ad valorem* duty of one-third on a long list of scientific appliances used in laboratories, schools, colleges, and observatories. This is again an attack at the roots of civilization. Germany at present holds, and deservedly, the highest place in the manufacture of scientific apparatus, and will continue to do so until our people are sufficiently educated to compete with German makers. But an essential condition of their ever being able to do this is that, in the meanwhile, they shall be amply supplied with the best apparatus at present available. Thus the proposed duties will tend to prevent that very development of science in England which might

some day enable us to make scientific instruments of our own as good as the German ones.

In my position as Secretary of the Cobden Club, I am collecting comments from experts in various trades about the effect of the proposed taxes, and have already received protests from scientists and schoolmasters or members of Education Committees against the threatened taxation. From these it appears that the scientific man will not elect to dispense with German apparatus for important work, whatever the price may be. Too little reliance can be placed on British scientific glass, for instance, to allow of its substitution for German in analyses where the breakage of a beaker may mean heavy expense and delay. Until he can make these goods as well as the German it is impossible to "protect" the British manufacturer. The case is, perhaps, rather different with schools, where it may be a choice between higher prices and inferior quality. Under the joint operation of the Reparation Act, and the proposed "Key Industries" tax, German scientific apparatus will be charged with duties amounting to 133 per cent. How this would be likely to affect education the following quotation from the letter of an expert will suffice to show: "As a member of our Education Committee here I know that already there is great difficulty and dissatisfaction over renewals of apparatus in technical schools, &c.; teachers and heads are always complaining that they cannot do efficient work because they are hampered by lack of equipment. Council Finance Committees are always urging Education and other spending Committees to cut down grants. Grants *are* cut down; equipment is *not* what it should be; there *is* a sacrifice of efficiency; and this state of things must, of course, be worsened and intensified by any serious increase in the cost of everyday apparatus." To take a concrete instance: the 33½ per cent. duty would cost the Huddersfield Education Committee at least £700 a year.

It is not probable that the Coalition Government has ever considered the effects of its proposals on the education of the nation; it would surprise many of its members to learn that they are taxing knowledge. One cannot help remembering, however, that institutions, as well as organisms, have an instinct of self-defence. Perhaps the best way to preserve the Coalition is to impose a tax on knowledge.

F. J. SHAW.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE Parliamentary intervention in the coal conflict began well, and then, like so much in our later politics, it all died away. That was not Sir Godfrey Collins's fault; he carried on the movement for what it was worth, but Messrs. Coote and Elliot fell away, and the attempt to erect a platform of peace, and assemble the parties to the struggle on it, was perforce abandoned. Nevertheless, this abortive effort is useful, for it is an attempt to create a new political instrument. Siegfried's sword is not forged yet out of the fragments of Wotan's blade, but it is on the anvil, waiting the master-smith. There are two conditions of political change in England. The first is the formation of a clear, fixed consciousness that this Government can settle nothing—neither Europe, nor Ireland, nor industrial strife, nor the financial trouble and its fast approaching catastrophe. The second is the evolution of the political force able to bring this useless thing to an end. To this task a fourfold combination is necessary. The first is Labor. The second and the third are the Independents and the Coalition Liberals. The

fourth are the free Conservatives, under Lord Robert Cecil. The moment each of these bodies comes to the conclusion that only through collective action (of whatever kind) can this change come about, the career of the worst Government that England ever had comes to an end.

AND how important it is to make Parliament strong again! Take a matter which, in the days when Parliament was vigilant and jealous for its power, was always closely scrutinized—the resignation of a Minister. The other day Lord Milner, like other Ministers before him, disappeared quietly from the Cabinet. Beyond a vague suggestion of health—presently negated by Lord Milner's marriage—and an equally vague denial of a political cause, no reason was given. Yet Lord Milner was a man of great consequence and ability, who had played a critical part in great events, including the management of the war. And there is every reason to believe that he *did* resign from a grave political motive—*i.e.*, his dissatisfaction with the Government's policy, not only in Egypt, but in Ireland and in Middle Asia. In other words, Lord Milner, modifying his old Imperialism, left Mr. George's Government because he judged that it was not liberal enough for the times. Is not that a vital matter? How much less important was it than Lord Derby's resignation from Disraeli's Government, or Lord Randolph Churchill's from Lord Salisbury's? Yet Parliament asked for no light, and therefore got none. That seems to me to mark a great decline.

THE peace of Europe is one of the things that Messrs. George and Briand are gambling in this week. The power of the wealth of England is another. I am sure the country does not realize how closely a French occupation of the Ruhr may react on the political no less than the industrial fortunes of this country. If it happens, Germany may have to come to a desperate decision about the future. And for this reason. France will then be mistress both of the coal of the Ruhr and the iron of Lorraine. The economic unit will be complete. What will the German industrials have to do? Their interest will be to come to terms with the French. There is a growing party in Germany which supports a Franco-German Alliance, with England in the cold, or even in hostility. There is also a powerful self-determination party in Bavaria. There is, further, the belief of some of the great German industrials that France, the pre-eminently reactionary force in European politics, will be a useful ally against socialization. If German democracy goes down in the loss and humiliation of the Ruhr, these forces may well come together in their eminently unholy union and launch their new Berlin Decree together.

MR. LOWTHER is much praised, on his exit from the stage which he has adorned, and deservedly, if it be a virtue to make a difficult machine move well, and ease it with a timely jest. Wit and artist, an able and very resourceful man, he has held his own through a difficult time. But I do not see him placed among the great Speakers. I well remember Gladstone's warning to Lord Peel, on his election to the Chair, that it was a prime duty of the Speaker to have regard to the rights of the minority. Peel was a proud man, and he did not like the hint, but he was a just one, and, on the whole, remembering how difficult the Irish question then was, I think he was mindful of it. Can the same be said of Mr. Lowther? I had no close view of his Speakership. But I should say, and it is the opinion of many late and present members of the House of Commons, that in a time when the Executive had obviously acquired too much power,

Mr. Lowther gave it more assistance at the expense of the Opposition than it received from any of his predecessors. He did so with great skill, and seeming moderation; but as the House of Commons continually lost to the Government, it became fairly clear that Mr. Lowther was much more of an ally of the encroaching body than a defender of the weakening one. He sided with the strong. But it was a grave matter for the Parliamentary spirit to be failing, and Mr. Lowther, in his dislike of eccentricity, did, in fact, strike more than one blow at political independence.

MR. WHITLEY will, in this respect, better his predecessor. The author of the Whitley Councils has a more modern mind than Mr. Lowther, and is a more serious and more truly accomplished Parliamentarian, and if Parliamentarianism has in it the capacity to regain the influence it has lost, it will find a friend in the Chair in place of a subtle opponent. Superficially Mr. Lowther may outshine him, for the late Speaker had an extraordinarily quick mind, and was a great judge of character and temperament, and also of the commoner kind of ability. But if the House treats Mr. Whitley fairly, and does not put him down as too cold or not supple enough, he will move, cautiously but ably, towards a much-needed revival of the Parliamentary power.

THE finding in the Wakeford case is puzzling. I recall no judgment that has excited more doubt and elicited more downright criticism. I believe it would be true to say that nine people out of ten—including lawyers—expected a different result, and that the view of many is not greatly weakened by reading the Lord Chancellor's statement of the reasons. Some of them are hard to follow. Lord Birkenhead, for example, asks, "Where was the girl who was declared to be with the Archdeacon in the Cathedral, and why did she not come forward to clear an innocent man?" But how would the evidence of a girl admittedly engaged in a blameless action in one place—for it is not wrong for a clergyman to show a girl round a Cathedral—have helped to clear a man accused of a guilty action in another? The onus was surely on the prosecution to produce and identify the girl involved in the compromising situation, not on the defence to produce one engaged in an (*ex hypothesi*) innocent one. Again, says Lord Birkenhead, "the delinquency was lacking in cunning and contrivance." Then the inference is that the Archdeacon is a simple and innocent man? Not at all. "It is difficult," adds the Chancellor, "to associate simplicity so absolute with a course so perilous." Then the Archdeacon was cunning to the point of doing an unusually simple thing. That is either nonsense or a charge of extreme Machiavellianism. Is it a natural interpretation of the facts? Take another point. The Lord Chancellor finds proof of malice but not of a conspiracy. Does he then accept the evidence of malice without making a heavy deduction on that account from the weight of the case against the Archdeacon? The decision of the Court would seem to show that he does. He admits the existence of doubtful, self-contradictory, and biased evidence. How is this bundle of frail or rotten sticks substantially strengthened by declaring that it did not come together by a conspiracy? In this connection, the word conspiracy is merely a descriptive phrase, and its absence in fact does not turn bad testimony into good.

NECESSARILY, a layman who argues a case like this, without having been in court to hear it, speaks under a great disability. But there is one thing that a layman

has a right to know. The Lord Chancellor does not say that the lay judges were unanimous. But he does say that the views they entertained were "shared by the right reverend prelates who have been good enough to give their assistance upon this occasion." What "assistance" have these gentlemen given? The question is one of fact and of the weighing of evidence, and on that matter the assistance of the "three right reverend prelates" would be worth no more than that of three sensible greengrocers. They would be judges of Church policy; but this was not in question, or one hopes it was not, for if it were, the fact of suspicion resting on the Archdeacon would be enough to justify his exclusion from his cure, and it would be unnecessary to prove his guilt. From the beginning the public have disliked this unnatural union of a secular and an ecclesiastical tribunal. These assessors were not wanted for the purposes of justice; at the best their presence was otiose. And it is hard to see how it could have been other than disadvantageous to the Archdeacon's case.

I THINK the Phoenix Society did very well to revive "The Witch of Edmonton," though no one would say that it was a very good play, or that it was remarkably well played. An obvious patch, by various hands, the sewing together is so obvious that one can almost see where the sutures come in. But to those who had never read it, it proved to be an imaginable and at moments an extremely suggestive and entertaining piece of English history; and to those who had, to contain the occasional beauties of style and idiom that nearly all the Elizabethans possessed, and to gain much from being heard as well as studied. For one thing, it was obviously written in one part by a man who believed with all his soul in witchery and "possession," and in another by a healthy sceptic, a Bernard Shaw of the period. The devil, a serio-comic character, seems to have been divided between the two. What was interesting was to feel that you were being introduced to a bit of old England. The greater Elizabethans seldom give you that feeling; too foreign and literary and aristocratic, they cared little for the life of the people. But these Edmonton rustics, with their horse-fun and simple rillery, struck one as the real thing. What the Phoenix Society wants is to give this kind of work, not remarkable as artistry but deeply interesting as popular history, a more careful production than "The Witch of Edmonton" received.

THERE are readers of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM who have a warm feeling for the work of the "Save the Miners' Children Fund." It has leapt very quickly up to £10,000, largely in small sums. Most of it comes from workers, but there has been a fair contribution from middle-class sympathizers, and a few non-sympathizers who don't want the battle fought over the bodies of starved children. That there is want cannot be doubted. There are 2½ million miners' children, and the miners' funds are exhausted in nearly every district, so the money already collected is only a drop in the ocean. I may say that all the money goes straight to the Miners' Federation, who allocate it to the districts where it is most needed.

HOLIDAY MOODS:—

Man offers only two kinds of prayer—the one (very seldom), "Thy will, not mine, be done"; the other (very often), "Not Thy will but mine."

Accept your place in the world, and if it be a diminishing one, accept that too.

Envy is the weak man's admiration.

Anti-Schopenhauer.—True, the magic skin shrinks with desire; but then it expands with knowledge and with love.

Pro-Schopenhauer.—The sage, seeing only truth, knows that the world was not made for him, nor he for the world.

Wit is man's last despairing dam against his hypocrisy.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER.

THERE is a widespread disposition in this and other countries to lay the heaviest burden of blame for our political and social troubles upon the newspaper Press. Democracy, we are told, means government by public opinion, and by far the most potent instrument of this opinion is the Press. Other instruments work intermittently, or affect only some sections of the public. But everybody lives all the time under the newspapers. So the minds of most of us come to be moulded insensibly by a little knot of anonymous writers, doling out our daily rations of news and opinions. Indeed, so insensible and so regular is the process that most of us are unaware of the origin of the "views" we form and express, and are indignant at the suggestion that they are put upon us by our newspaper. The immensity of this newspaper power is due to a popular education which has left us suggestible to print but without any real capacity of criticism. This may account for a degradation of the Press within the last two generations; it implies a lowering of the knowledge and intelligence of the average reader. Part of this degradation, we are told, consists in an abandonment of the personal responsibility of the editor for the standpoint of the retail tradesman, whose business it is to give the public what it wants. But such criticism does not touch the heart of the matter. For no competent tradesman simply gives his public what it wants. He suggests, creates, and stimulates new wants in order that he may profitably supply them. The skill of the modern newspaper is largely directed to exciting demands for what it wants to supply.

The notion that the editor of early Victorian days was a strictly impartial professional adviser, serving unflavored news and disinterested opinions to his readers, has, indeed, little support from history, as one may learn from the letters of Cobden or of any other shrewd commentator of those times. Nor is it true that Bismarck invented the "reptile press," laying the foundation of what has now become the fine art of political propaganda. Neither in handling facts nor opinions did a high sense of scrupulosity prevail a century ago. The *laudator temporis acti* has a poor case here, as elsewhere. But we think it is true that our modern Press, though not perhaps worse, in the sense of involving greater departures from the truth, wields a more dangerous power. The news and views are mobilized with greater effect in an amalgamated or syndicated form, speaking simultaneously with a hundred voices to a variety of audiences. In critical hours the concentration in a few hands of the telegraphic news agencies, and of groups of papers in a number of populous cities, gives a great determinant influence upon public opinion to

those who wield this power. The fact that the provincial Press usually follows and reproduces with complete docility the information and opinions of the London newspapers in all matters of national importance, greatly enhances the central control. In this country, in America, and recently in Germany, this business concentration has gone further than elsewhere. But on the other hand, the graver charges of personal corruption, commonly adduced against quite important papers in France and Italy, are here and in America confined to a few definitely disreputable organs.

Unreliable news and a low standard of discussion are the chief British maladies. Indeed, it is evident both in this country and America that the former danger of the two is the graver. Large bodies of readers pay little attention to leading articles, but easily let their minds be made up for them by suggestion from the news columns. Newspapers, aware of this, direct more and more skill and audacity to presenting the news in such ways as to awake the desired opinions and sentiments. Most of their news columns are, of course, clear from any sinister intention, and give the truth on facts as objectively as is consistent with making them interesting. But on matters of grave controversy, where immense public issues are at stake, the line taken by a few great newspapers deliberately and with clear intent may mean life or death, salvation or ruin, to whole populations. Think at the present moment what the printing, or the withholding, or the doctoring of news about Ireland, the coal struggle, or the French advance in Germany, may signify.

Now here is the gravamen of the charge against the Press, that its business structure and the unknown bias of its owners and operators make it a bad informant and educator. Indeed, its most specious defence consists in an admission of the former count. How, it is asked, can completely disinterested views or news be expected from a paper which, in order to live at all, must conciliate two separate and often opposed interests, the advertiser and the reader? It is the manager, we are told, who rules the roost, because in the last resort it is the advertiser who pays the bills. So news and views become parasitic on the advertising columns. Without large remunerative advertisements a great paper cannot live. So the propertied interests which control advertisements exercise a very real, though not often a direct, influence upon the tone and opinions of a newspaper. There may be other business interests of equal or even greater importance, to wit, the other investments of the proprietors. But advertising is the normal influence, with a constant tendency to bring a censorship or a bias into the news columns, and even to infect the "leaders." But party and class feeling, and the habit of exciting rather than informing the public mind, operate more persistently than any direct business interest. A national Press tends to live on hate, fear, and suspicion. With this fault goes the negative defect of a failure to give a free, fair, and adequate discussion of any controversial topic. This is not based on any intellectual incompetence of the Press. It could do much by means of an open platform, rendering, for example, such a service as the "Times" to-day performs upon the coal question, and refuses to perform upon the even more tremendous issue of reparations. But most newspapers do not care to conduct disinterested controversy. They have taken their side and do not want the other side presented. Moreover—and this seems to many a final argument—their public does not want and will not take disinterested argument.

We have carried this presentation of the plight of the newspaper so far that it may seem to some there can

be no safety and no escape from such a degradation. And yet we know that in every country there are newspapers which refuse to bow their knees to Baal. One of the most justly famous, the "Manchester Guardian," celebrates this week the hundredth year of a continuous life, as hale and active as ever, and more influential in its age than in its youth. And what is equally important, everybody, political friend or enemy alike, knows that this position has been won and maintained by performing steadily and consistently just that kind of public service which so many critics urge is incompatible with journalistic survival in the modern struggle for existence. The influence and the value (even the commercial value) of the "Manchester Guardian" to-day, not only in this country, but throughout the world, is quite manifestly due to its refusal to trim and truckle, and its insistence upon free and fearless criticism of national policies which its editor considers wrong or dangerous. Other solid virtues have helped to support it in times when its courageous defiance of public passion caused the temporary withdrawal of many readers and advertisers. By steady and skilful industry it had made itself indispensable to the business men of Lancashire. But here, again, it was character that told, bringing a general recognition that the news, not merely political, but commercial and financial, was carefully gathered and tested, and was untainted by any interested motive.

Behind this character of his newspaper for the long period of fifty years has stood the redoubtable personality of its editor, Mr. C. P. Scott, a combination of public spirit, skill, and professional scrupulosity rare in any age or country, and almost unique in this country at the present time. For no instrument of opinion can become so responsive to the personality of its operator as a modern newspaper which calls each day for separate acts of judgment and reflection. The healthy Liberalism, not of Lancashire alone, but of the whole country, is nourished and sustained more vigorously by the "Manchester Guardian" than by any other organ, and if that creed and party are to survive and to adapt themselves to the new conditions of our age, the vitally constructive work done in its columns will be a chief agent of success. It is comforting to know that party allegiance can be maintained so fearlessly and with such little acerbity, not to say malice, as to win the respect and admiration of opponents of nearly all of the causes for which the "Guardian" has stood. The public dinner in celebration of this centenary, at which Lord Derby is to preside, and where the speakers comprise men and women of all parties and opinions, stamps the "Manchester Guardian" with the impress less of a party organ than of a national institution, a well of strength and intellectual and moral influence from which all may draw, with full assurance that if they do not always like what they get, it will be good for them to get some things they do not like. For that, after all, is the test of principle.

PUB OR CLUB?

It was unfortunate for Colonel Gretton's Licensing Bill that he represents Burton in the House of Commons. The name aroused suspicion. A letter advocating relaxation of the Lunacy Laws, and dated from Colney Hatch or Hanwell, would arouse similar suspicion. We all know what is implied in "Burton":—

"Say, for what were hop-yards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent?
Oh, many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can

To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think:
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not."

It is as the source of this pleasing though brief hallucination that Burton is represented by Colonel Gretton, and the very name was enough to awake Lady Astor's fluttering opposition. It was in vain to plead the advantage of three trained and paid judges as Court of Appeal for Licensing, the extension of hours to nine or eleven, the extension of licences to twenty-one years, the extension of bars to twenty-one yards or twenty-one miles if the populace desired it, and the readmission of children now left shivering outside while parents look into the pewter pot. Neither Lady Astor nor the masculine Members were to be taken in. The snare was too obvious. In vain was the net spread in their sight. "The Bill was introduced by the Trade for the Trade," the lady divined; "did they want these better houses for the larger sale of buns and tea and cocoa?" It was enough. The Bill was dissolved in laughter, and it sank in Trent. For all knew why Burton was built upon that stream.

But what is to be done next? Lady Astor said nobody wanted to force prohibition upon the Government, and Sir Gordon Hewart declared prohibition impracticable in the present state of the world, and the present state of our climate. That may be so. If Lady Astor were Prime Minister, she could hardly carry prohibition without a revolution of the bloodiest kind in this country. But we must remember that the United States are in this present world, and their climate is more rigorous than and almost as queer as ours. Ten years ago we should have expected the United States to face a revolution of the bloodiest kind rather than accept prohibition, and yet the miracle was accomplished and no blood flowed. There was no compensation, no merciful and gradual adaptation to the change, like the cutting off of the dog's tail inch by inch. At one stroke, in the twinkling of an eye it was done, and next minute the saloon bars were selling buns, tea, and cocoa, to the content of Lady Astor's heart. Of course, there are rumors. Why have the farmers along the Canadian shore opposite Detroit, where the river runs from Lake St. Clair into Lake Erie—why have the jolly farmers along that bank lately neglected agriculture and let their fields run to weeds, while they themselves have taken to the joys of boating, especially at night? Why, in the fashionable restaurants of New York, when the waiter asks, "Black coffee or white?" and you reply, "Pink, please!"—why, instead of thinking you mad, does a benign look of understanding steal across his swarthy face? Why was it that, after a cheerful celebration in their honor at the Commodore Hotel in that city, the police themselves were too much overcome to move? It could hardly have been all iced water or ice-cream-and-soda or the gravity of conscious merit, and yet no custodian took himself into custody. No matter; the miracle has been accomplished. Prohibition exists, and water, however tempered and diluted, is the established drink.

We regard the bone-dry United States as one of the most amazing triumphs of the human mind and will. When by a stroke of the pen the Tsar abolished vodka—the Russian peasant's way of seeing the world as the world is not—it was, we suppose, the greatest act of beneficent tyranny ever perpetrated upon a helpless people. But prohibition by vote throughout a vast continent of men and women not averse from alcohol came much nearer the miraculous, and we believe that not even the advocates of "damp" would wish the old

freedom back. If that incredible resolution were to spread throughout mankind, and earth became as bone-dry as the moon, it is curious to think of the results. Upon literature, for example. What hosts of commentators would find an income in the elucidation of drunkenness! The labor of translating Homer, Euripides, Aristophanes, Horace, and the Georgics would be immensely increased. Mr. Pickwick would require dissertations, and Falstaff notes. Upon cold punch and sack we should have to read the comment:—

"These liquids were distilled or exuded from masses of vegetable matter, such as wheat, barley, or grapes, brought by decay to a state of fermentation, drawn off into bottles or tubs, and poured down the throats of our barbarous ancestors with the intention of superinducing oblivion of the unspeakable horrors with which their lives were perpetually surrounded. The poison worked slowly, but invariably with fatal results. Nevertheless, the unhappy populations of the ancient world preferred death by this means rather than realization of their true condition."

Let it be supposed, however, that prohibition in this country is out of the question; perhaps it is impracticable, as the Attorney-General said; or it would produce a revolution so much more violent than anything the Triple Alliance might have done if it could have done anything at all; or, as recently seen in Scotland, it might arouse too bloodthirsty a theological odium between contending spiritual sects. Let us exclude the alluring proposal, and resolve, as Dr. Jowett advised his pupils, not to become intemperate on water. What, then, remains? The public-house in the form in which it exists to-day is something of an abomination. We suppose that nothing so bad and so frequent is to be found elsewhere upon the earth's surface; not even in the poison shops supplied by Antwerp and Lisbon for the destruction of African savages. The growth of the public-house, as it flourishes and abounds to-day, has been recent and rapid. The distinguishing marks are that most of it exists for drink and little but drink, and that the customer stands at the bar, and must either continue to drink or go. There are other peculiarities, but those are the main causes of the degradation into which the public-house has fallen.

It is sometimes defended as "the working man's club," but the defenders either do not know what a club is, or have never seen a public-house. A village beer-house, where people sit long and discuss their world, is doubtless a kind of club, though it is usually a poor one at that. But the ordinary public-houses of the great towns have not a single attribute of club life. If they had, the change would be quick, and a national shame would disappear. Other countries have succeeded where we have shamefully failed. The French *café* is a real club, usually sociable and nearly always sober. Before the war, the Germans certainly drank a deal of beer, but it was not easy to get drunk upon it, and a man or woman would sit all afternoon or evening over one big *Seidel*, conversing, sewing, or listening placidly to music, often the best music in the world. The *café* and the *Bierhalle* pay; what is it that keeps the public-house a disgrace to our country alone? The bad example set by the gentry of the old days when drunkenness was manly; the love of "tipping up" something strong amid the wretchedness of poverty and forgetting it all. But the governing cause is still the greed of the Trade.

Probably the Trust Houses Company is working on the right lines. We believe it has about 200 licensed houses now, scattered all over the country. The Company really does convert the public-house into a club and restaurant. Many of its houses are beautiful, and (to quote from one of its own reports) "the non-alcoholic receipts amount to 75 per cent. of the whole."

The Company started eighteen years ago, with a capital of only £4,000, and all the obstacles of habit and Trade interest against it. Yet in the report it can say:—

"Looking backward, one sees that success was sure, for the experiment was based on principles sane and sound and in full accord with British character and British needs. It made no attempt to infringe the personal liberty of the non-abstainer, whilst at the same time it achieved—what all men of good will were desiring to achieve—the establishment of licensed houses in which drink was not offered as a lure; where it was not in constant evidence almost to the exclusion of any other form of refreshment."

That sounds good. It sounds as though the Trust might restore the real old inns as clubs for the people—such inns as one thinks of in thinking of "Pickwick": The Bell Savage, The Great White Horse, The Leather Bottle, The Peacock, The Golden Cross, The White Hart, The Blue Lion, and beasts of every other species and color. William Blake's Little Vagabond complained that the church was cold, but the alehouse healthy, pleasant, and warm, and, in the impudence of his little heart, he promised that if only they would supply ale and a pleasant fire in the church he would sing and pray all the livelong day:—

"Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring:
And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as he,
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the barrel,
But kiss him, and give him both drink and apparel."

We do not wish to turn churches into public-houses, nor even to turn public-houses into churches; certainly not. But there is a gleam of hope in the Little Vagabond's proposal, and the Trust Company shows a similar line of escape. A great critic once wrote, "The theatre is irresistible. Organize the theatre." Probably he was in favor of a State theatre, and we have not advanced much further in that direction yet. We do not wish for a State public-house, with a Civil Servant as its efficient and melancholic host. But if the public-house is irresistible, let us at least organize it on decent lines.

THE CASE FOR THE ARCHDEACON.

SOME months ago I innocently sought accommodation at the Bull Hotel, Peterborough, after dismal failures at almost every other hotel in that city. Accommodation even at the "Bull" was difficult. Men whose business and talk was the horse fair had anticipated me; and a wretched evening, not much relieved by the Hogarth prints round the walls, had herded more patrons than could make themselves comfortable into the bar. The manager, although he had not been reconnoitring for a lodging in the wet, seemed as depressed as myself, and tapped his teeth with a pencil as he moved in uncertain orbit from his office. I endeavored to converse. Angling? Football? Hard times? However, no heading proved suitable. At length, he was able to give my wife and myself a room, and my vigil midway between the front door and the staircase came to an end. We sat down to dinner, with little expectation. A dull piece of humor on my part, later embellished by the ingenious minds of the Press, but never worth repeating from the first to the last edition, ushered in the meal.

The next scene was to be Lincoln, and it was still gloomier. Just before Christmas, Archdeacon Wakeford, known (I read it in the papers) through the length and breadth of the land as a preacher, had communicated with me about my period of attenuation at the Bull Hotel. My wife at once recalled the clergyman in gaiters. Accordingly we arrived in Lincoln to recollect our movements at the "Bull" before the now famous and still mysterious Consistory Court.

My wife and myself were soon assailed by eager reporters. The one thing which one and all declined to report was the failure of the Press—it was Saturday night—to give fair prominence to the evidence for the defence. Portraits, too, began to appear. In one of these I was distinctly somebody else. My hair, from its normal mouse-color, had turned a sombre black; my eyes were those of a prophet, and matched the hair; while an intense sadness pervaded the whole countenance. These effects had doubtless arisen in the admirable desire to indicate my resemblance to the dignitaries of the Church. With more probability, my wife was depicted as, perhaps, the Dark Lady.

I add one or two notes from my Lincoln diary. Strolling into the town, I heard, as two large and by appearances affluent individuals passed, with loud remarks on the case, "Got him? I should think they have got him. I hope they'll," &c. I followed these worthies, and the conversation was a fugue. "He'd ordered a private room. They've got him. I hope they'll—" These remarks were addressed in the loudest tones, not without oaths, to the street. I mention these incidents merely to show what bitterness existed in some quarters in Lincoln towards the Archdeacon. Doubtless, more than an equal amount of loyalty existed in others. I may also add that the Archdeacon was aware that not all of the assessors were without prejudice; and as well, that the verdict was an intense surprise to those normally constituted people who had been present in court throughout the case, and with whom I had a chance of speaking. The wedding-ring incident had upset confidence in the most particular evidence given for the prosecution.

On what point or points did the verdict, then, hinge? There were, indeed, many matters which demanded rebutting evidence and, for want of time, went without; but the larger aspect was against the verdict. Whether or no there was given at Lincoln adequate proof of conspiracy, at least it was made perfectly plain that there were gentlemen who did not find it distasteful or uninteresting to further the Archdeacon's downfall. Whether or no the statement that the Archdeacon occupied a room with a lady was disposed of, yet the fact stood that only a madman would choose such a place, such a time, such a dress and method for a suicidal action of the kind. And, though the consideration is not precisely a legal one, there were those who, with intimate knowledge of the man, found the accusation in his case peculiarly difficult. Not only his equals thought this. A townsman remarked to me, in his plain fashion: "I might have done it; you might have done it; but not John Wakeford."

Despite the finding of the Consistory Court, therefore, I felt assured that the Archdeacon's vindication would follow, and that at the rehearing a satisfying reply would be forthcoming to the indictment. My wife and myself found ourselves compassed about with a veritable cloud of witnesses in the room assigned at Downing Street—witnesses of the best type, men from Hereford, from Yorkshire, from Louth, and elsewhere. These witnesses certainly made their statements in the frankest way, one after another having seen the Archdeacon alone in the hotel. One witness, who with his veterinary surgeon occupied room 14—the Archdeacon's was 15—gave the interesting and surely important detail that he wore a nightgown and the surgeon pyjamas. Another had wondered, while the Archdeacon sat alone at dinner, "if the old parson had come to buy a stallion"—a remark that he made at the time. Another produced his bill—unreceipted, as my own had been. The hotel books were proved by an accountant to be erratic. Whether from the book or not

I do not know, but Mr. Hogg asked me if my bill was for 27s. 6d. I replied that it was for £2 5s. It was said at Lincoln that the Farrows' bill was not entered at all—it was probably not less than 25s. If that be so, is it absolutely proved that part of my bill and that of the Farrows were not entered under Archdeacon Wakeford's name? The curious point is that the two amounts would cover the difference between the £2 or so which he said he paid and the £4 odd which the counterfoil registered as received from him. On this point little, so far as I know, was said.

I write in mystification, with the result of the appeal before me; and the result will, I am sure, astound many thousands through the country. Perhaps it is permissible to sum up the arguments which the Lord Chancellor has stated and which have upheld the decision against the Archdeacon. The decision is, simply, that he, on two occasions, had stayed with a woman at the Bull Hotel. The arguments are, that Mr. and Mrs. Osborne's evidence stands: they saw him in the private room with a lady. That the entries in the register proved him guilty. That there was no conspiracy, even though there was "animus." Why did not the girl of the Cathedral incident appear?

And the arguments against the decision are also available. A great deal of the evidence for the prosecution is admittedly inconsistent. The evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne came unaccountably late in the day; and why did Mrs. Osborne sit in court while her husband made his statement? Her own statement was a mere corroboration of his. Was this incident in accordance with justice? Cannot the entries in the register be photographed, with known autographs of the Archdeacon, for publication? The "and wife" is an improbable addition on the part of such a man. Again, is it suggested that the girl who entered the Cathedral with the Archdeacon—hardly more than a schoolgirl, according to the evidence of the vergers—has any bearing on the "Bull" allegations?

I, for one, cannot, after my connection with this case, see wherein lies the clinching proof of the Archdeacon's guilt. The adduced proofs appear to me to lead nowhere. The Archdeacon seemed to possess as strong and as clear a mind as anyone in England; and I must again ask whether, in the official language, "the delinquency" is not "lacking in cunning and contrivance"—if we supposed him capable of it? But on the report of the final proceedings, how can we agree with this verdict? "It is a source of satisfaction," runs the Press report, "to [their lordships] to find that the views that they entertain are shared by the right reverend prelates, who have been good enough to give their assistance upon this occasion." I doubt whether these views will be shared by the public.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE PEACE WITH IRELAND COUNCIL.

WE would warmly support Lord Henry Bentinck's appeal, made on behalf of the Peace with Ireland Council, for financial support in their new campaign, which Lord Henry describes as a "direct and concentrated effort to enlighten the general public as to the condition of Ireland." The Council is of no party, it is directed with great ability, and is continually informed as to the unparalleled state of things in Ireland. Cheques and postal orders should be sent to the Secretary, at 30, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W.1.

OWING to pressure on our space we are compelled to hold over several important communications.—[ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE actual Budget proposals themselves are in accordance with general expectation, but the speech gives small ground for satisfaction. On paper 1921-22 is billed to yield a surplus of £177 millions. But this is before allowing for such items as anti-strike preparations, abnormal railway deficits, special losses due to the coal stoppage, and railway compensation claims, which must be of a very heavy nature. The Chancellor, one gathers, expects that the real surplus may be £80 millions, but with so many "ifs" in the outlooks, even this expectation seems decidedly rash at the moment. There are some who think that the Treasury has underrated the effect of the continuing and aggravated trade stagnation upon certain items of revenue, and, consequently, that there is likely to be hardly any surplus at all. That may be an unduly pessimistic view. But, in any case, since £80 millions has to be repaid to U.S.A. and Canada during the current fiscal year, and there are also £113 millions of "statutory and contractual domestic obligations," the prospect is that Government re-borrowing will be on a considerable scale. But, in any case, the Government will not re-borrow abroad, and to replace foreign debt by home debt is at least a small step in the right direction. Practically the whole of our foreign debt is now to U.S.A. and Canada.

FLOATING DEBT AND RETRENCHMENT.

One of the most serious apprehensions arising out of the Budget is that the floating debt may have to be further increased. It was reduced only by a paltry £37 millions last year—out of the magnificent total of £259½ millions by which total debt was reduced. It now stands at £1,275 millions, and, as Mr. Chamberlain very mildly put it, is a "grave inconvenience." The floating debt, in fact, dominates the financial position, and appears to defy all attempts to deal with it. A Funding Loan for this purpose is not feasible just yet, and since expenditure is still excessive and trade depression has curbed revenue possibilities, no means of solution seems to be in sight. The Chancellor hopes that the new Conversion Loan—to which reference is made below—will, if successful, lead to cheaper money and help to pave the way for a Funding Loan. Let us hope so; but here again the "ifs" are formidable. So, on the whole, the Budget is not a cheerful affair, no tax alleviation beyond the E.P.D.'s non-renewal, which was announced months ago, and little prospects of a satisfactory surplus. It must in fairness be recognized that in existing circumstances the Government could not increase taxation, nor could they remit it. They have, in fact, taken the only possible course. Nor can they control and spirit away the trade depression. But what they can and must do is to effect further drastic cuts in expenditure. By far the most promising point in a dull Budget speech was the news that the Chancellor has called for early preliminary estimates of departmental expenditure next year, so that they may be dealt with carefully, drastically, and in good time. "The voice," said Mr. Chamberlain as he opened the Budget on behalf of Sir Robert Horne, "is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau." In this case, however, Esau is the supplanter. Mr. Asquith, who cast some doubt on the reputation of both of the sons of Isaac, confessed to a preference for Esau. And in Esau, in the shape of Sir Robert Horne, the City places some hopes. His strong personality and tact could not be better employed than in insisting that in the present year supplementary estimates are cut to the lowest, and that next year the nation is not asked to spend on any purpose, however attractive, more than it can afford. That is the only road to financial salvation.

THE CONVERSION LOAN.

From the point of view of high policy, the Conversion Loan is open to criticism on the following grounds: (1) That it is saddling the country for forty years with interest payments at the rate of between 5½ and 5¾ per cent., whereas the operation might have been performed more cheaply if the Treasury had waited a little while. (2) That it adds

to the nominal amount of the national debt. (3) That, if wholly successful, it adds some £4 millions to debt interest charges. To this the Chancellor can reply (1) that, if he had waited longer, these securities would have passed out of the investor's into money-market hands and the project would have failed; (2) that, since failure would be serious, it was necessary to offer attractive terms. Whether he is right or wrong, it follows that if the Government is offering too generous terms, there is all the more reason why holders of the securities in question should convert into the new stock. Holders of 5 per cent. National War Bonds maturing October 1st, 1922, are offered £163 of 3½ per cent. stock for each £100 nominal of their holding, and holders of 5 per cent. National War Bonds maturing in 1923, 1924, and 1925 are offered £162, £161, and £160 respectively for £100 nominal held by them. The sinking fund arrangements in connection with the Loan are very satisfactory from the investor's point of view. Any readers who hold any 5 per cent. National War Bonds falling due for repayment between October 1st, 1922, and September 1st, 1925, are strongly advised to convert into the new stock. The nominal amount of National War Bonds concerned with this conversion offer is £632 millions.

Incidentally it is worthy of notice that the issue of Treasury Bonds, which have been on continuous sale for many months, comes to an end on Saturday. Conjecture is busy as to the possibility of a new type of attractive "on tap" issue being shortly put in their place. But as yet no definite information is available.

STOCK MARKET OUTLOOK.

There was nothing in the Budget to shock the stock markets, and the coal dispute is held to be the only barrier blocking the way to more active times. High-class investment securities are gaining steadily, and the outlook for monetary ease and plenty is held to be improved by this Conversion Loan. When the coal trouble has been settled markets ought to go ahead. At first sight the double prediction, which is now frequently heard, of trade revival and stock market activity when industrial troubles are settled, looks absurd; for trade boom and stock market activity are usually held to be mutually exclusive. But I see no inherent impossibility in both branches of the prediction coming about. The two revivals would not coincide; the one would precede the other, stock markets benefiting first, before industrial revival, which must be slow, began to absorb the money available for investment. To-day's Bank Rate decision was unexpected. On the one hand, it was thought that the directors would await a coal settlement before making a change; and, on the other, it was held that the rate would immediately be brought down to 6 per cent. in order to help the Conversion Loan. The Bank directors have compromised on 6½ per cent.

COMPANY AFFAIRS.

Holders of all classes of shares in Lever Brothers should make a point of reading the long and interesting address delivered by Lord Leverhulme at the annual meeting of the Company—the more so because the recent report and balance sheet were decidedly uninformative. His address threw light on many phases of the company's far-flung activities, and the keynote was optimism. An interesting, if controversial, passage was devoted to a discussion of the policy of the Niger Company.

The Associated Portland Cement Company enjoyed prosperity in the year 1920, net profits being £947,000, against £398,000 in the previous six months and £683,000 in the year 1918-19.

A further stage has been reached in the Grand Trunk negotiations. The directors have cabled to the Canadian Premier a favorable view of the legislation he has introduced containing conditions under which he agrees to prolong the arbitration proceedings, which have taken longer than was expected.

The Commercial Bank of London have taken a courageous and proper step in making a clear statement of their position and ceasing to take ordinary deposits.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4748.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1921.



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The World of Books.

I AM lately home from a place where trees, natives and exotics together, of endless species, grew in a wild luxuriance I have never seen elsewhere. I have become, therefore, a dendrophilist, and should take more umbrage now if anybody spoke to me of "Scotch Firs" than if he had called me a *littérateur*. For trees have singular and mysterious personalities, and their various passions and characters shed an influence the more potent for their being boled up, like a perfume exhaled by squeezing an aromatic herb. "Tall trees, branch-charmed by the earnest stars . . . and so dream all night without a stir"—trees are the Olympians of our world, and (in spite of Heine) into them descended the countless host of immortals and semi-immortals whose habitat, after their dispossession, so troubled the minds of the "world's grey fathers."

* * *

THE old guildsmen, when they reared their clustered pillars in the manner of the yew's growth, recognized, with unconscious irony, what Emerson called the "decorum and sanctity" of trees, and the sublime antiquity of the two to three thousand year-old Sequoia trees of the Sierra Nevada dwarfs the grandeur of human tradition. Even the girlish aspen shivers still in undying memory of the cross whose wood it supplied, expelling for ever the lighthearted Hamadryad who once lived therein, while the scarlet berries of the Rowan, from which rune-staves were cut by the Norsemen, are a fit magician's robe of its old nobility. There is a scripture—Mr. Edward Step's "Wayside and Woodland Trees"—which everybody who has stood under a tree, feeling the smallest tincture of the blessedness which sustained the medieval outlaw in sanctuary, ought to read. It is merely a "pocket guide to the British Sylva," but hymn-books slip easily into the pocket, and it is a better thing than they are. Mr. Step has an Augustan repose, a flavor of the rounded and archaic in his writing, which are very appropriate to the solemn subject of trees. He is a herbalist of the fraternity of Gerard, Lyte, Dodoens, Parkinson, and Evelyn, shedding the *naïvetés* of the first writers and the pomposities of the last. The woodman's timber is the gardener's weed and the Board of Agriculture's "farm-vermin" (*viz.*, skylarks), and Mr. Step, in his aristocratic way, rebukes us for replacing the natural forest with Wordsworth's "timber factories." Our trees nowadays are grown to be all leg and topknot, lanky telegraph poles from which all individuality is stripped as relentlessly as

undergrowth and lateral branches, until modern woods have become empty of freshness and variety, or void of life save for the invisible shapes of desolation which haunt them. "We do hope," he says gently, "that a few of the woods and wastes of Nature's own planting may be left for the recreation of simple folk who have not yet taken to appraising the value of everything by the price it will fetch in the market."

* * *

MR. STEP is very business-like in his accounts of our trees, and this adds a zest to his many felicities and individual touches. Dealing with the birch, the slender and lissom Diana of trees, which can outbrave the extremes of heat and cold, wanting only light, he quotes Hamerton's description of a birch against the azure sky, with its green tinged with a warm red "which gives one of those precious tertiaries that all true colorists value." Mr. Step realizes that the most business-like of all men is the artist. Concerning gardeners' amputations of the lime, in which wood Grinling Gibbons carved, he writes, "it is a long-suffering, good-tempered tree, and like human individuals of similar temperament, is subjected to shameful treatment." "The beauty of the birch" (Coleridge's "lady of the woods"), he says, "is that of the nymph, whilst that of the ash is the combined grace and strength of the goddess." Anybody who appreciates Blake's "a fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees" will know that this is true science, and why he cannot tolerate the timberman's ways with the ash:—"My well-grown Ash is in a meadow . . . where it has had elbow-room to reach its long, graceful arms upwards and outwards, and to cover them with the plumy circlets of long leaves"—those leaves that appear late and depart early, "like Charles Lamb and his office-hours." Mr. Step, too, is gentle with the genus *Salix*, to which the Lombardy poplar, "in many cases a mere vegetable hoarding to shut out some offensive view," belongs no less than the purple osier, and which even that suave miracle of erudition, Sir J. D. Hooker, called "a troublesome genus." To contemplate a willow growing on the edge of a limpid stream, "in which its graceful shoots and slender leaves are reflected," is to marvel at its association with melancholy. That belongs to the results of the excursions on Palm Sunday, when "thousands, who at no other period exhibit any strong religious tendency," strip the fallow bloom over miles of country.

* * *

THERE are many reasons why Mr. Step's discourses on trees are so pleasing and harmonious. Partly it is his just and severe taste—how right he is to prefer Cowper's "rich in streaming gold" (laburnum) to Tennyson's "dropping wells of fire"! Partly it is because he has struck so even a measure between beauty and accuracy in his descriptions, sacrificing neither the one to picturesque fancy, nor the other to pedantry. Evelyn gets it sometimes—in his holly "glittering with its armed and varnished leaves." But this literary botanist is choice and mellow, not only in his use of words but his material of modern terminology. Botany is the only science which has had the luck to live on bearable technical terms—"umbel," "corolla," "corymb," "anther," "raceme," "calyx," "cyme," and even "monocotyledonous," do not put one to the blush—and Mr. Step, like other wise men, has made the most of his good fortune.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

ORANGE PEEL.

It was my first visit to Bray, and I don't know why I should have chosen a Saturday afternoon. But I had come on by train from Carrickmines, and I should have to wait for a train to take me back. It was very hot, the sun was glaring out of a hard, cloudless sky, and the people who walked about, or sat staring over the top of magazines at the smooth water, rustling little paper bags of sweets, lighting cigarettes, or peeling bananas, were depressingly unattractive. Somewhere, out of sight behind the hideous bathing-place, a band was playing.

Presently the two elaborately unconscious girls who shared my bench, with the inevitable paper bag between them, got up (I was evidently an interloper), but immediately someone else sat down in their place. I looked at him. He was neither young nor old. He was slender, with a dark-skinned, oval face, a narrow forehead, and very dark eyes. He had a book with him, but did not open it, and his face, as he stared out over the sea, expressed a melancholy abstraction. It was a refined face, sensitive, nervous: I imagined him to be a Government clerk who had come here alone for a holiday. I looked at his book: it was Aksakoff's "Years of Childhood." Somehow I found it quite impossible to reconcile Bray with Aksakoff.

It was at that moment that he turned and perhaps caught the direction of my glance, for immediately he said, "They are not always happy—those years"; then checked himself abruptly, and colored. I could see that he had spoken impulsively and was on the point of apologizing.

"Not always," I admitted. "And, of course, everything is heightened then—both happiness and unhappiness."

My reply apparently reassured him, for he went on: "Very few people know anything about even their own childhood. I fancy it is often a tragic period, though the tragedy is hidden. Nobody realizes it—least of all those immediately concerned. It is so mysterious, so obscure, the catastrophe may turn upon a thing like that"—and with his stick he flicked away a piece of orange peel that lay on the ground near my feet.

I wondered what had led him to talk to me, for I felt sure he was naturally shy. "You have some particular case in mind?" I suggested, but more from a desire to be polite than out of curiosity.

"Yes—a case. . . . I am a doctor. . . . I stayed here once, years ago. I came last night to look at it again." He gazed round him, seeming to take the scene in now for the first time. "It is rather dreadful, isn't it?" he murmured, ruefully. "I don't think it used to be like this." He sat silent for a moment, evidently hesitating; then he said, "It was that piece of orange peel that reminded me—. But perhaps—"

"Go on," I begged him.

He looked at me half doubtfully, but continued. "It was a case that came under my notice some years ago—of a child—a boy of thirteen or fourteen. I knew the whole family, of course—middle-class people—not very well off. The father was in a bank—a rather conceited man, but with good points, fond of company, out a great deal, seeing very little of his wife and children except on a Sunday. The mother was an extraordinarily capable woman; there was nothing she could not do; all the burden of the house rested on her; they kept no servant. But her cleverness was entirely practical—if you can understand—a capacity for doing things swiftly and well with her hands; she was not in the least intellectual. There were four children; this boy and three girls; the youngest was about six or seven.

"The parents did not get on well together; they had nothing in common; and from time to time there were violent scenes between them; and somehow at the very centre of all these scenes was the boy. Between him and his mother a perpetual strife reigned. He had inherited her excessive nervous irritability: for the rest, he was quite unlike her, a dreamer, forgetful, awkward,

perpetually breaking things, upsetting things; besides that, lazy, dawdling in his habits, everything in short that got upon her nerves. . . .

"It was a matter of nerves—nerves, and on his part jealousy. Yet this battle which persisted between them was not an ordinary one: it was intimate, strange. Apparently she disliked him, gave all her affection to the other children—yet she could not leave him alone. It was all unbalanced, bewildering, ruinous; at one moment there would be peace, at the next a sudden flaring up, and the causes of these outbursts were incredibly trivial. As for the boy, he loved her passionately, exclusively; she was the only person in the world whom he did love, yet some fatal perversity, and that morbid jealousy, spoiled everything. His love was no doubt wild, unregulated, as everything else about him; certainly she did not believe in it; yet I myself have seen a box in which he kept, locked up, dried flowers they had found on some walk together—stones, shells, a picture-book from which she had taught him to read, and other poor little mementoes. And up in his own room he would take out this box and pore over its contents, keeping his gas burning when he should have been in bed and asleep, occasioning perhaps a further scene."

"Naturally he sided with her against the father, and what was most cruel was that in moments of anger she would betray him in his very loyalty—repeating, for revenge, words that he had said. . . . Did she love him? Was there beneath that exasperation, which seemed like hatred, any affection left? Human nature is inexplicable. . . .

"One afternoon in winter he came home early from school. The elder girls had gone out somewhere; the mother wanted to go out and to take the youngest child with her. He was to mind the house, to watch the fire, and, at the right time, put on the kettle. It was the kind of thing he always undertook with the fullest confidence, and never carried out successfully. For always he would add something from his own fancy, some supererogatory surprise that invariably proved disastrous. On this afternoon before going out, she gave him an orange. He was left alone, he had a book, the old kitchen clock ticked comfortably.

"Slowly the light of the January afternoon, filtering through the curtains, began to wane. The fire burned red. He had bitten a hole in his orange and was sucking out the juice. Lost in his book, oblivious to all else, he squirted the pips from his mouth, bits of peel, heedless where they fell. The light grew dimmer. He held the pages of his book where the glow of the fire fell upon them, until at last the strain upon his eyes began to make his head swim. But he did not light the gas. He was like that. He sat in his chair and dreamed over what he had been reading, composed a new story for himself, while what remained of the pulped orange dropped unnoticed to the floor.

"Suddenly he awakened up to what he had been doing. He must light the gas at once and sweep away the mess before his mother returned. And with that a fatal vision rose before him, holding him spellbound—romantic, sentimental dreamer. He saw himself slipping on a piece of orange skin, breaking his leg, his mother finding him, carrying him upstairs. The vision melted into a memory of an illness he had actually had, years ago, when she had nursed him day and night. She had been quite different then—. The whole thing swept back over him with a lacerating tenderness. . . .

"He heard the street door open, steps in the hall, his little sister's voice. They were there. Paralyzed, he sat waiting for the storm. Even the fire by this time had gone out.

"Before he could stir from his seat the kitchen door was wide open and an angry voice scolded him: 'You might have done what you promised!'

"He sprang to his feet, scared, eager, but his mother was first to find the matches and light the gas. She took a hasty step, trod on the remains of the orange, and fell, striking her head against a corner of the range. He gave a cry and rushed to her, but she lay still. He dropped on his knees beside her, but she lay still. At the same moment the younger child set up a shrill screaming.

"A horror filled him, blinding him, stupefying him. He knew his mother was dead and that he had killed her; a bit of orange peel was still sticking to the heel of her boot.

"He looked round, saw the back door, fled through the yard, and in an outhouse hid himself. He cowered on the stone floor, sick with terror and despair, but above all with an overwhelming desire to be with her, to speak to her, to gain her forgiveness. . . .

"He must have remained there for hours. They had not looked for him, disgusted, doubtless, with his cowardice and callousness. As a matter of fact nobody ever believed his story. For, of course, she had only been stunned—one is not killed so easily as that—and it was she herself who eventually discovered him, late that evening, in the outhouse. He was standing on a wooden case, and there was a noose round his neck, though whether he would actually have found courage to kick the case over one cannot now say. He had been standing there for some time, yet I think in the end he would have done it—after all, it was not the first time the idea had occurred to him."

My companion ceased, and I was able to listen to the music of the band, which, indeed, had accompanied him all through. A glance at my watch warned me that I had not much more than time to catch my train.

"Of course such a case is too exceptional to count," I said. "You were called in, I suppose, to attend the mother?"

He was silent.

"And afterwards," I suggested, "I daresay things became better—between the mother and son, at any rate?"

He looked at me angrily. "Why should they become better?" he answered. "Afterwards things were exactly as they had been before."

I said good-bye, but he did not offer to walk with me to the station. For some reason, now that I had listened to his story, he appeared to have taken a dislike to me. A suspicion crossed my mind that he had been telling me about his own boyhood. What I could not understand was why it should seem to matter to him so much now, after all these years.

FORREST REID.

Reviews.

THE CHRONICLES OF GEORGE MOORE.

Héloïse and Abélard. By GEORGE MOORE. 2 vols. (Privately printed. £3 3s.)

MR. GEORGE MOORE has chosen of late to indulge himself and his public with a form of aristocratic literature. Fastidious of type and of material arrangement, these finely printed volumes offer to their subscribers a musing, reminiscent romance highly idiosyncratic in character. Mr. Moore is in it all, and not merely as a chronicler. His story is a distillation from his mind, impregnated with its quality and perfume; and if therefore it is somewhat undramatic, that is what Mr. Moore means and contrives it to be. He is not painting a single picture so much as embroidering a large and moving but rather cloudy subject, and illustrating it with a set of tableaux, rising, one after another, with unequal distinctness, in his imagination. We can best illustrate our meaning by comparing his "*Héloïse and Abélard*" with Charles Reade's "*The Cloister and the Hearth*." Reade's book is one of the most brilliant feats of imaginative scholarship in our language, and the liveliness of its color remains as fresh as when he wrote it. It travels in a flash over half medieval Europe; and leaves few tracts of that strange country unilluminated. Mr. Moore's method is diffuse, subjective, almost metaphysical. He is more analyst than annalist, fairly well steeped in his subject, but more so in his own contemplative or sensuous view of it. Take his *Abélard*. *Abélard* is an extraordinary figure; but he is not one of the declared characters of history. Rationalist, philosopher, rhetorician, early Aristotelian, and medieval don, intellectually he denotes little except, maybe,

the unrest of his age, and the first signs of its passage into the Renaissance. It is clear that Mr. Moore thinks so, too. One gathers that he is moderately interested in the battle of Nominalism and Realism, and rather more in the conflict of faith and reason, and he dutifully narrates this side of *Abélard's* career. But he does not absorb it, for such things are impermeable to the modern mind, and so far as he lives at all, *Abélard* lives for us not as a great thinker or Churchman, but as a tragic lover. He loved a finer creature than himself, a woman whom her own age could hardly have understood and ours can understand very well. And the distorted, disappointed loves of *Abélard* and *Héloïse* are the attraction which has led Mr. Moore to dip into the mysteries of scholasticism. Much the same may be said of Reade's Gerard and Margaret. But Reade, a fairly athletic scholar, was drawn on to paint round a pair of thwarted lovers a flaming background of fifteenth-century Europe. Mr. Moore has had no such ambition. *Abélard* and *Héloïse* interest him now spiritually, now again sensually; for the rest, he embroiders, with a leisurely and skilful hand.

This is not in the least degree to deprecate the real and original charm of "*Héloïse and Abélard*." It is long, it is very deliberate in method, and the *contes* are by no means so good as those of the *Heptameron*, but we do not find it dull. If the colors tend to fade a little into greyness and neutrality, *Héloïse's* brightness does much to restore them, and Mr. Moore often writes of her beautifully enough to make us forget the comparative vagueness of *Abélard*. Absorbed in him, and with no definite mark of the saint about her, Mr. Moore's *Héloïse* is still the one individual and finely realized figure in Mr. Moore's pageantry. Mrs. Putnam* has said that the nun of early Northern Christianity was by no means a type of self-effacement, but was often a spirited and sometimes a lawless character. *Héloïse* was such a woman. There is no sign in her of any struggle between the ideals of human and divine love, and her existence in the Convent of Argenteuil, if not precisely typical of her time (for Argenteuil was dissolved), was probably spent with people much less spiritually minded than herself. This at least is Mr. Moore's idea, and, whether he is right or wrong in putting his *trouvères* and troubadours into the early years of the twelfth century, there is nothing unhistoric in his presentment of its conventual life. *Héloïse* stands above her time because of her culture, her passionate womanliness, and her spirit of social rebellion. The woman who would not marry *Abélard* because, in barring him out from the Church, she would destroy or maim his career, and who asked only to remain his mistress and the mother of his child, may not be quite so rare a product of her age as our conventionalized view of it leads us to imagine. There were free women like her, and it is probable that the convent walls shielded a good few of them. But *Héloïse*, wife and no wife, was at least a salient, a redoubtable figure in her times, and Mr. Moore's poetic image of her passion-driven youth passing into a devotion to her unhappy lover, and barely touched by the spiritual surrender of the nun, gives his book its most human and romantic quality. This, it appears, was the historic *Héloïse*, and this, too, is Mr. Moore's. To this remarkable Lady Abbess life without *Abélard* is nought, and Heaven little more.

"A vain and lonely place Paradise would be without *Abélard*; shadowy as the world she saw about her when she left the library and walked into the open air. All things seemed to have receded, and in the void *Abélard* was. At every hour of the day, even at the sacrifice of the Mass, she was thinking of him; and like the clouds of the air her thoughts disappeared and collected again, always different and always the same, beginning from the point at which they ceased three weeks before, curling and going out as before. She had parted from him in the belief that her next news would be his ordination, and she now heard he was wearing a monk's cowl in the monastery of Saint-Denis. But is it true? It cannot be that he has entered a monastery without telling me. For why should he? For why, dear God? Say why. He knows where I am, yet he does not write. He knows that I suffer in this silence, yet he lets me suffer."

This is pathetic and fine; but woven into the agreeable texture of the book we should describe even the

* "The Lady."

figure of Héloïse as but moderately pathetic. Why? Is it that the prolonged soliloquies, and Mr. Moore's thought-reading style, yield a little the effect of a not unpleasing monotony? Or is it that Abélard himself is rather dim and distant, and that Nominalism and the Council of Soissons have ceased to matter, and that the issues fatigue the mind as the crowded figures on a Brussels tapestry fatigue the eye? Mr. Moore would probably reply that he means us to travel with him in much the same leisurely fashion as he makes Héloïse and Abélard and Madelon pick their way from Paris to Blois, and be pleasantly entertained and not too wildly adventured on the road with such company as twelfth-century wayfarers were likely to meet. And the answer is that if this was his design he has accomplished it. Only—Abélard was a tragic figure—a blighted, unhappy man. His tragedy was one of life and character, and its catastrophe was grotesque and horrible. It is also one which our age can barely understand. In describing Fulbert's vengeance on Abélard, Mr. Moore literalizes a brutal fact of Middle Age history. But he has not succeeded in making it significant, as the blinding of Samson is significant. And the reason is, we suppose, that the mutilation of Abélard was a horrible jest, and that only one or two writers have been able to turn the coarse cruelty of man into great literature. And Mr. Moore, though in his manner a master of romance, is not a Hugo or a Poe.

A VINDICATION OF DEMOCRACY.

Modern Democracies. By VISCOUNT BRYCE. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 50s. net.)

LORD BRYCE performs an invaluable service in helping us to take stock of our democratic institutions. At no moment has it been so urgently required. For four great dynastic Empires in Europe and a fifth in Asia have fallen in these last years, and attempts are being made to erect democracies upon their ruins. Backward peoples in China, India, Russia, comprising one-half of the population of the earth, are striving for the swift achievement of self-government. Conscious politicians everywhere assume that the future government must, at any rate in form, be democratic. And yet, at the very moment when the democratic principle appears to have triumphed, a deep scepticism regarding the reality and the efficacy of democratic institutions is invading many minds. Long before the war political thinkers like Ostrogorski, Delbrück, and keen critics in our own country, had exposed the unsubstantiality of the power of the people and the feeble operation of any general will.

This scepticism has been strengthened by recent experience. War appears to stamp failure upon democracy in two ways. First, it registers physical force under autocracy everywhere displacing free self-government in a national emergency. Secondly, the docility and ease with which the most arbitrary violations of accepted rights and liberties are accepted by "the people" seem to testify to a much feeble appreciation of the nature of democracy than had been previously realized. The facility with which everywhere they adopted the view that it was not to be expected that war could be run on democratic principles was as much a condemnation of democracy as of war itself. For, after all, war is only the gravest of national emergencies, and, if democracy must be suspended during war, must it not be suspended in every other grave emergency? And if so, what is the net worth of a principle and policy of government only fit for "fair weather"? The answer appears to be given in the current "peace" Governments of such countries as Great Britain, France, and America, where a strong executive, liberated from any real popular or representative control, still claims to exercise powers over person and property of the most arbitrary and offensive order. Not only has the war left behind it in countries which call themselves democracies considerable elements of war despotism, but the moral self-confidence of peoples who hitherto supposed that in all

matters of real importance they controlled their Governments is broken.

Having regard to this recent experience, many readers will suffer disappointment at learning that Lord Bryce refuses formally to take account of this abnormal period of war and its sequel, holding that any conclusions from such experience are unsafe and unnecessary for the fulfilment of his wider purpose. He does not, indeed, adhere meticulously to this exclusion. We have many quick glimpses into the facts and features of the new world that is struggling into shape and order. But in general the stocktaking is for 1914.

Needless to say, it is a work of immense labor and learning, ordered, interpreted, and evaluated by rich personal experience in the field of politics. The method is substantially the inductive or comparative. Six countries are selected for close inquiry into their Governmental forms and functions: France and Switzerland in Europe, the United States and Canada in the American Continent, Australia and New Zealand in the Southern Hemisphere. Shorter studies of the ancient Republics and of the South American precede the fuller inquiry, and in the opening part of Volume I, devoted to general considerations, as in the concluding part of Volume II, where the results of the inquiry are garnered and valued, the whole wealth of Lord Bryce's intellectual life is set at the disposal of readers in the shape of a great commentary upon the art of government.

A large part of the space is devoted to an accurate description of the legislative, executive, and judicial organs and powers in the several Governments, central and local, their relations to one another, and the relative efficiency with which they conform to the theoretical and practical requirements of democracy, securing "the rule of the whole people, expressing their sovereign will by their votes."

Such an inquiry is by necessity critical, in the ordinary sense of that term, measuring success more by the negative test of avoidance of errors and defects than by any directly positive achievement. This method, indeed, is perhaps implied in the universal feeling that "government is for our sins," and that the less of it we can get on with the better for us. The common charges brought against democracy—instability of executive government, failure to maintain law and order, administrative extravagance, corruptness in officials, legislatures, and electorate, faulty administration of justice, party excesses, professionalism in politics, the power of wealth—are all submitted to rigorous inquiry. Lord Bryce's general verdict is to the effect that these defects are not peculiar to democracy, or worse in democratic than in other governments, and that in most of, if not all, the instances which come before him, time has brought improvement. Some of his most instructive chapters are given to considering these defects and the experiments in correcting them which are on foot. Though the central factor in modern democracies is representation, it emerges quite clearly that a purely representative democracy does not seem to work. There are two opposite tendencies: one to restrict the people's power by placing important functions in the hands of some other authority—a President, a Premier, an inner Cabinet, a bureaucracy, a judiciary—over whom the people can exert at most a remote or indirect control; the other to devise and apply methods of direct government through instruments like the referendum and initiative. On this last point we get discussions of immense interest. For Lord Bryce makes it quite clear that, wherever the conditions permit the application of this direct government, he favors its use. But only in small communities are these conditions available. Switzerland is the test case. Direct popular control is there far more effective than here, or in France or America, and upon the whole is wisely exercised. The popular will there plays more freely and intelligently through the electoral system and the several organs of government; there is very little public extravagance or corruption, the abuses of money power in elections; legislation, and administration are at a minimum; party-spirit is weaker; and intelligent interest in public affairs more widely diffused than in the larger nations.

Readers will sometimes feel or think that the maladies found in the working of great States are so flagrant and the remedies so ineffectual as to shake all faith in their government. Here the qualities of patience and of toleration stand

out conspicuous in Lord Bryce's judgment. He has no high expectancy of quick results, and therefore is not disappointed. Even so, however, he will seem to some of us to sum up against the weight of evidence, if a too narrow meaning be assigned to this last term. But after his grave admission that "the dignity and moral influence of representative legislatures have been declining" (i. 39), and that serious dangers beset the modern democracy from the self-interest of powerful classes and the abuse of propaganda, he falls back upon a fund of reasonable faith rooted in an interpretation of the long, upward struggle of man through the ages:—

"The right way to judge democracy is to try it by a concrete standard, setting it side by side with other governments. If we look back from the world of to-day to the world of the sixteenth century, comfort can be found in seeing how many sources of misery have been reduced under the rule of the people and the recognition of the equal rights of all. If it has not brought all the blessings that were expected, it has in some countries destroyed, in others materially diminished, many of the cruelties, terrors, injustices, and oppressions that had darkened the souls of men for many generations." (ii. 585.)

While, then, he does not dogmatize with absolute assurance upon the ultimate and universal success of democracy, holding it conceivable that some form of bureaucratic oligarchy might, even with the tacit consent of the governed, come to prevail, or that an even worse fate might await us by the decay of the moral forces of humanity ("an Ice Age may await the mind of man"), his ultimate faith in the common sense, honesty, and fellowship of the average man remains robust, and leaves his work a powerful vindication of the capacity of man for political self-government.

After citing certain advantages of an oligarchic government, he registers the judgment:—

"it nevertheless remains true that few who have lived under a democracy would exchange its rule for that of an oligarchy: few students of history would honor the memory of a great oligarch like Bismarck as they honor the memory of men like Cavour or Cobden or Abraham Lincoln. Individual liberty has a better chance—even if not a complete security—with the People than with a class. There is less room for the insolence of power. The sense of civic duty and the sense of human as well as civic sympathy are more likely to flourish. Government is more just and humane, not because it is wiser, for wisdom does not increase with numbers, but because the aim and purpose of popular government is the common good of all."

But these securities and virtues depend upon a fairly effective education and operation of public opinion. Without this the forms of democracy may be void of its spirit. Nay, the spirit, or power, of some political or economic oligarchy may enter in and, using the democratic form to allay suspicion, may impose its will and welfare in place of the will and welfare of the people. This is the grave peril ahead of us, and we are not sure that Lord Bryce, relying on pre-war experience, fully realizes or presents the difficulties of maintaining a strong enough body of honest and informed opinion to secure "the common good of all."

WARFARE AT SEA.

With the Battle Cruisers. By FILSON YOUNG. (Cassell. 25s.)

THERE are many things about war that to the civilian, however enthusiastic for war he may be, must remain for ever as though they were not. As the civilian continues to live, and the fighters who have to face the worst of it usually die, presumably there must be always another inevitable war. Yet a little imagination, only a very little, might save society, even though it will be always easy for us to endure a bit of iron in the belly of another man. It was thought the experiences of the survivors of the war, once they were free to speak, would move us; but they have not spoken above a whisper, and only a very few words. Mr. Filson Young, as an artist, is not a propagandist; well, not to a noticeable extent. He served with Sir David Beatty's battle cruisers, and his services included the foretop of the "Lion" at the Battle of the Dogger Bank. It is possible to learn from him what it feels like to hear a voice at a telephone informing

you that a magazine is on fire, while you are kneeling on rivet heads, watching the flashes of the enemy's guns, and waiting for the salvo to strike.

One may ask, But what of that? Did he not expect turret magazines to catch fire during war? And one important answer is that if some great war-makers at the Admiralty had heard that voice at the telephone, the burning magazine being under them, and the sea around, thousands of men and several battle cruisers would not have blown up later at Jutland, for a defect in a turret design would have been amended by the lessons of the Dogger Bank. "But surely," a critic will insist, "so radical a defect in our battleships would have been corrected, once its danger, not only to a ship's company, but to the British Empire, was reported to the authorities?" Well, the defect was reported; it was not amended; and the Germans knew that weakness in our ships. Therefore the "Queen Mary," the "Invincible," the "Indefatigable," and admirals, officers, and crews went out instantly, like candle flames in a puff, at Jutland, and Portsmouth was filled with widows and orphans. It is also possible that the result of the Battle of Jutland might have been so different that German hope would have died two years earlier than it did; for we may guess, though we do not know, what grave doubts were factors in the cautious decisions of Sir John Jellicoe.

But these are only a reader's own inferences from Mr. Filson Young's book, not its argument. The author does not argue, but merely relates what came within the range of his own knowledge during a period of the war. It happens that his relation is that of an observant and thinking man who is by nature, one guesses, made lonely and suspect because of his acute, ironic, and independent mind; for the world does not take warmly to its bosom the clever looker-on who can be neither cajoled nor intimidated. Still, Mr. Filson Young, in the way of those who are difficult to please, lets out his pent and native generosity on the men, like Beatty, whom he finds worthy of praise. He is also a sensitive artist, and his words have to pass an exacting conscience, so that he has written a war-book which is not only an indispensable foot-note to history, but is a very entertaining, and occasionally an exciting narrative. His sea-pictures have the quality of a painting by Whistler. His frank exposure of his own reactions under fire will sound curious and even improper to those who think a uniform makes a man inhuman.

The reader who is something more than willing to read books about the war has learned by now that he cannot trust official documents, for they are very often dishonest. Most of the published histories of divisions and regiments this reviewer has seen are of no interest whatever, except to men who served with those units. The analyses of battles and the consequent reflections by experts who were at home at the time excite merely respectful curiosity for an improvised entertainment. There are now, for example, sufficient varieties of the truth about the Marne to give that decisive affair some of the characteristics of a myth. The result of any battle arises from such a complexity of obscure causes, and not a few of them apparently inconsequential, and even irrelevant, that the truth may be debated for ever, like a theological point. Indeed, the relation of science to warfare is something like that to education of a physician who ministers to a wave of hysteria in a girls' school. The result of a battle may be foreordained years before the outbreak of war through what newspapers describe as "grave decisions" by great statesmen who were thoroughly foolish and ignorant men; or by the under-feeding and bad training of children; or by a popular newspaper "stunt"; or, supposing both sides, before the affair, can discover no point to regret in their luck or their long preparations, the battle may be decided by a sudden fall of the barometer. The stern arbitrament of war, which fills popular history with exciting reading and patriots with lofty sensations, is, after all, as an arbitrament, no more than a leap into the dark, or an infallible system at Monte Carlo. And it can never be anything else.

If a reader will ponder this book by Mr. Filson Young, he will begin to see why. One discovers in it some perfect pictures of that vast lethal engine one community builds against another, without knowing its potentialities, and without being able to control it once it is in motion.

THE ADMIRABLE SAUSSURE.

The Life of Horace Benedict de Saussure. By DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, D.C.L., with the collaboration of HENRY F. MONTAGNIER. (Arnold. 25s. net.)

A book devoted to what Edward Whymper called Alpine scrambling, or devoted to one of the scramblers, must come of an unusually diverting pen if it is to appeal to the imagination of readers outside the comparatively limited circle of mountaineers. That the first complete biography of the distinguished explorer, Horace de Saussure, should have been written by Mr. Douglas Freshfield is therefore a matter for our satisfaction; few writers could have combined the necessary knowledge and taste with the power to recreate the figure of one, pre-eminently a man of science, whose work is, for us of a hundred and fifty years after, by no means diverting in itself.

Saussure's supreme achievement in mountaineering was not an outcome of climbing for its own sake, but an incidental consequence of his researches in meteorology, orography, and geology. This is a fact generally overlooked in the more recent generations, when climbing has been an entirely disinterested affair. Mr. Freshfield's narrative is a skilfully blended description of Saussure's activities in the various departments of his endeavor. He was a born naturalist, and it was his good fortune that just at the time when his scientific work led him out of the valleys into the snow-regions there was ready at his service a class of professional guides, created to supply the need of a new kind of traveller, whose modest aim was to walk the glaciers.

Saussure's expeditions in the Mont Blanc district were very elaborate. Mr. Freshfield's volume, which is adequately illustrated, includes delightful reproductions of old prints portraying the ascent and descent of the Saussure caravanseries. The company of climbers would seem to number not less than a score, some of whom are there for no other purpose than to carry the ladders, sleeping tents, provisions, and wines. But although the climbers' physical needs were met in a fashion as skilful as the times would allow, this must not be permitted to detract from the memorable nature of the exploit. The physical risks and hardships were so great, indeed, that expeditions which even the amateur mountaineer of to-day (who talks of Mont Blanc as a long snow-walk) reckons a very simple affair were then regarded as impossible. The terrible dangers of the avalanche, the crevasse, mountain sickness, and air-pressure were still to be mitigated, nor had the proper use of the rope been discovered. The chapter in which we are presented with Saussure's own record of the ascent is a piece of writing which thrills and impresses us as deeply as would that of the discovery of the Arctic or Antarctic Pole. He was a vivid and accomplished man of letters, having been for some years a professor of philosophy and an important figure generally in the educational life of Geneva, his adopted city. So empty of vain-glory was he at a triumph which captured the heart of the whole world, that he found time to impress upon his memory the marvellous beauty of the scene below him:—

"The evening vapors, like a light gauze, tempered the brilliancy of the sun and half hid the vast expanse under our feet, forming a belt of the most beautiful purple which embraced all the western horizon, while to the east the snows of the base of Mont Blanc, illuminated by the rich glow, offered a singularly magnificent spectacle. As the vapor fell lower and condensed, this belt grew narrower and deeper in color till it turned blood-red, and at the same moment little clouds which rose above it threw out so vivid a light that they resembled stars or flaming meteors. I returned to the spot after night had completely fallen. The sky was then perfectly pure and cloudless. The mist was confined to the bottom of the valleys; the stars, brilliant but without any trace of sparkle, poured an exceedingly faint, pale light over the tops of the mountains, which yet was sufficient to distinguish their groups and distances. The peace and complete silence which reigned over this vast space, magnified further by the imagination, affected me with a kind of terror. I fancied myself the only survivor of the universe, and that I was gazing on its corpse stretched at my feet."

Saussure's mountaineering achievements and his proud position as one of the founders of modern geology (a position vouched for in Mr. Freshfield's pages by Humboldt, Davy,

Geikie, and others), did not prevent him from playing a memorable, if less significant, part in the politics of his time. He and his family were drawn into the constitutional struggles between the Genevese oligarchy and the democrats, and although he showed practical sympathy with the popular demands, he had to share the consequences of the revolution, suffering the confiscation of all his possessions. A professorship was procured for him in his last years as a means of livelihood, and he died in melancholy and straitened circumstances.

Foreign Literature.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

Anthologie de l'Académie Française. Un Siècle de Discours académiques (1820-1920). Par PAUL GAUTIER. Vol. I. (Paris: Delagrave.)

PROBABLY, the prestige of the French Academy has reached its highest point to-day; not because of the intellectual quality of its present members (though that is a good deal above the average), but simply because it is the most venerable of the national institutions of France. The national consciousness, having been suddenly and violently awakened, needs some object to concentrate upon, and it chooses, naturally and inevitably, the one institution which has represented, and perhaps even preserved, the continuity of the French tradition. A native of a country like England, where no catastrophe has yet interrupted the development of our political corporations, finds it difficult to understand how real and widespread is the repute of the Academy in France; he has to imagine that the Houses of Parliament are only fifty years old, and the system of English law hardly more than a hundred, and that during these hundred years the whole of the English polity has suffered a half-dozen violent changes; to imagine that every English institution is brand-new, except the Royal Academy, that the Royal Academy is twice as old as it actually is, and that instead of being restricted to painters and sculptors, it is composed primarily of men of letters: so that at any moment about thirty of its members are novelists, poets, critics, and historians, and the remaining ten men of science, politicians, and generals. Even in our English society at the present the Royal Academy has a fair amount of prestige; the repute of the French Academy is a hundred times greater.

It is much easier, therefore, for a young English painter to ignore the Royal Academy than for a young French writer to ignore the Académie Française, even though at least half of the great figures outstanding in French literature during the nineteenth century were never members of it. Flaubert would not even condescend to become a candidate—"there are certain honors," he said, "which I am really not modest enough to ask for"; Théophile Gautier was refused, and it is said that he died of the disappointment; Baudelaire's candidature was treated as a joke in bad taste by every Academician except Alfred de Vigny. I cannot positively say, but I imagine that Stendhal, Balzac, Gérard de Nerval, Leconte de Lisle, Verlaine, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Mallarmé, de Maupassant, and Rémy de Gourmont never dreamed of making the attempt to enter the Académie. No doubt, like Flaubert, they despised the "Immortals"; the difference was that he could have been elected if he had chosen, while they could not. On the other hand, the Académie did elect Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, de Vigny, de Musset, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve (surely the perfect Academician), Renan, Claude Bernard, Taine, Michelet, and in our own day, Anatole France, Maurice Barrès, and Paul Bourget. The comparison gives the results one would expect: the preponderance of original creative genius is outside the Academy. The three great French novelists of the century—Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert—were excluded, though Hugo and Chateaubriand are a phalanx in themselves; but perhaps

the point is less the genius of those who were not in the Académie, than the merit of those who were. The Académie might have been much more glorious; but with the men it contained, it could never have been inglorious, even in the eyes of the inhabitant of the highest and most unscalable ivory tower.

It stands to reason that, looking at such a body, the most venerable corporation in France, to which the most popular heroes—politicians and generals—coveted election, the ordinary Frenchman, with his passionate love of titles and distinctions, conceived a respect for the profession of literature much deeper than that of the average Englishman. To conceive a parallel case we should have to imagine that every year two or three authors of repute were created peers of the realm for their literary work alone; and that the number of such peers was never suffered to fall below forty. We can realize the difference by the violence of the shock we receive when a solitary knighthood is granted. The fact is that in France it really is a great deal more reputable to belong to the Academy than to be a Minister of State; short of being President of the Republic or a Marshal of France, to be an Academician is the highest honor a French citizen can attain. This maintenance of the prestige of literature is the true function of the French Academy. Its work on the Dictionary is slow, and often neglected by those whose authority is most valuable; it would not bear comparison, for instance, with the work performed on the "New English Dictionary" by Sir James Murray and Dr. Henry Bradley in England. And the awarding of literary prizes, though the money value of these is enormous—the amount for the year 1920 reached 2,300,000 francs—has but little real effect upon French literature. Valuable works of erudition are often recompensed, but the prize annually awarded by the Goncourt Academy does far more to encourage original work than all the Academy prizes put together. The real work of the Academy is social, and it finds a concentrated, symbolical expression in the discourses which are delivered before a crowded and fashionable audience whenever a new member is formally received. The tradition is that he should discuss and praise the achievement of the deceased member to whose seat he succeeds; and an older member of the Academy is chosen by lot to make a speech of reply.

Those who desire to know something of the spirit and atmosphere of the Academy could not, therefore, do better than read this volume of *discours de réception*. They will, of course, find plenty of speeches by Academicians of whom neither they nor most Frenchmen have ever heard; they will enjoy the very frequent spectacle of a politician or a man of science condemned to appreciate the work of a poet whom he would never have dreamed of reading except by compulsion. The lot seldom falls so that the new member and his welcomer suit each other, and some of the most piquant effects are when they are absolutely opposed in doctrine and sympathies. In this volume, which covers the period 1820-1880, M. Molé (the Prime Minister of Louis Philippe) is the sulky Cerberus to perfection. He first appears to give the lie direct to de Tocqueville, who had asserted that Napoleon had erected his vast system of centralized government in order that his power might be absolute. No, says M. Molé, with Napoleon despotism was a means, not an end, and he quotes some words which Napoleon said to him: "Après moi, la Révolution, ou plutôt les idées qui l'ont faite, reprendront leur cours. Ce sera comme un livre dont on ôtera le signet, en recommençant la lecture à la place où on l'avait laissée"—words which certainly do not prove M. Molé's case. But Cerberus barked loudest when de Vigny appeared. De Vigny, aloof, reserved, contemptuous, was not the man to offer a sop; but he would not have expected, as he never forgave, Molé's onslaught upon him. "Cinq Mars" was an insult to history, or rather to something more august still, "the morality of history." Richelieu "belongs to truth, not to art"; and as for de Vigny's portrait of Napoleon in "Canne de Jonc," that is an insult to man's faculty for admiration. One wonders what the good M. Molé would have said to the author of "War and Peace."

Villemain's reply to Scribe (1836) is a very neat demolition of Scribe's contention (based on his own practice) that the theatre never reflects contemporary society; and he gets

in a nasty thrust at Scribe's atrocious style: "le dix-huitième siècle, si rempli de présent et d'avenir, pour emprunter vos expressions, n'avait-il pas . . . ?" One of the gems of the collection is Mérimée's *éloge* of Charles Nodier, that very attractive though careless romantic, who had preceded Mérimée in writing short stories with Spanish settings and uncanny atmospheres. Mérimée's picture of Nodier as a boy of twelve, sent as a delegate to read a speech of congratulation, composed by himself, to General Pichegru on his victory over the Austrians, is exquisite. Nodier himself supplies us with more details in his fascinating "Souvenirs de la Révolution"; but Mérimée was the better story-teller, and the boy's wandering life in the Jura, where in return for meals he gave conversations on natural history to country curés and doctors, while he very seriously hid from the police who did not want him *very* seriously, was altogether to the taste of Mérimée's ironic romanticism.

Genius will out, even in academic discourses; and, if Mérimée is excellent, Hugo is surpassing. His *éloge* of Népomucène Lemercier is a masterpiece of vivid eloquence. The phrasing is superb; the swiftness, the imagery, and the wit irresistible. He begins with a magnificent eulogy of Napoleon. The sudden turn of the sentence in the following is typical: "Il avait effacé les Alpes comme Charlemagne, et les Pyrénées comme Louis XIV.; il avait passé le Rhin comme César, et il avait failli franchir la Manche comme Guillaume le Conquérant." Only le père Hugo could make you believe that failing to cross the Channel was just the same as crossing it: truly he was *l'immense bonhomme*. He whirls us over Europe in the train of the Emperor's conquests: Napoleon becomes more and more prodigious. "Tout dans le continent s'inclinait devant Napoléon, tout—excepté six poètes." The effect is tremendous; Lemercier is, of course, one of the six. There follows a splendid account of what they thought of Napoleon. "Mais, selon eux, la politique ternissait le victorieux, l'héros était doublé d'un tyran . . . il avait donné le dôme des Invalides pour sépulture au grand Turenne; mais il avait donné le fossé de Vincennes pour tombe au petit-fils du grand Condé." So he passes to the career of Lemercier himself under the Empire. "Jamais poète n'a fait combattre des tragédies et des comédies avec une plus héroïque bravoure. Il envoyait ses pièces à la censure comme un général envoie ses soldats à l'assaut." Then, after recounting in detail the prohibitions and suppressions, Hugo clinches the metaphor. "Dans cette guerre, honteuse pour le pouvoir, honorable pour le poète, M. Lemercier eut en dix ans cinq grands drames tués sous lui." "Five great plays killed under him"—it is splendid! Finally comes a dithyramb in praise of France on the theme: "Pendant vingt-cinq ans elle a imposé ses armes à l'Europe; depuis vingt-cinq ans elle lui impose ses idées." It ends with a flash of wit: "On ne lit plus que des livres français de Pétersbourg à Cadix, de Calcutta à New York. Le monde s'en inspire, la Belgique en rit." Probably the pirate publishers of Brussels did not sleep less easily in their beds for this; but it was a master-stroke.

The impression we gain from such a volume is of an Academy dominated by the genius of Victor Hugo. Even if we realize the piquancy of Hugo's speech of welcome to Sainte-Beuve, the lover of Hugo's wife, the impression remains. *L'immense bonhomme!* An Academy that contained him could almost afford to leave out Balzac and Stendhal, Baudelaire and Flaubert. He towers over all the petty animosities and the diverting intrigues of which we catch the ripples in these outwardly grave discourses. But that impression would remain if all the Soumets, the Scribes, and the Dupatys had been replaced by the Balzacs and the Flauberts; for Hugo was the most eloquent man that France ever produced. Therefore we have to reject the first impression; it does not correspond with the object. The Académie Française from 1820 to 1880 was not Hugo; it was a respectable body where not only very different talents, but very different opinions, managed to exist in some sort of harmony. During a century of tumult and confusion it remained a unity. It did not represent France, but it enabled Frenchmen to flatter themselves into the belief that it represented them; and that was good for them, and good for literature.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

DANTE: 1321—1921.

ONE of the curiosities of literary history is the fact that the seventeenth century, the first half of which was a period of such extraordinary brilliance, was marked by comparative neglect of Dante. From the death of the poet in 1321, through the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries the interest in the great Italian poet never flagged, while the invention of printing gave a fresh impetus to his cult. Whatever may be the cause of the decrease of interest after 1600, it was a temporary phase, and within the past century Dante has once again come into his own. With the possible exception of Shakespeare, there is no poet whose memory is celebrated with the same fervor and enthusiasm as Dante. It was a happy but inevitable inspiration which led the British Academy to choose Dante as the subject in 1921 for the Master-Mind Lecture under the Hertz Foundation; for it is almost a truism to speak of the author of the "Divine Comedy" as one of the master-minds, not only of his own generation, but of all time; not only of his own country, but of the world.

The celebrations of the sixcentenary of Dante's death will be held in this country from April 30th to May 7th. A strong committee under the presidency of the new Italian Ambassador, Commendatore de Martino—himself a Dante scholar and enthusiast—is responsible for the arrangements. On April 30th the President of the Board of Education, Mr. Fisher, will open the exhibition of books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, and medals relating to Dante, to be held at University College, London, from May 2nd to 7th daily from 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Parenthetically, one cannot help observing what a benefit it is to literature and education in the widest sense to have a President of the Board of Education who has heard of Dante and is able and willing to open such an exhibition! Private owners have come forward generously and lent their bibliographical treasures to enable the organizers of the exhibition to show to the public something of the amazing position occupied by Dante in the world of books. Here it is only possible to refer to a few special features. Book-lovers will find an almost complete series of the printed editions of Dante until the period at which editions became so numerous as to make exhibition impossible. The Landino Dante of 1481 is well known on account of the wonderful engravings after Botticelli which it contains, or more usually does not contain! There are only three perfect copies containing all the twenty engravings, and one of these, lent by Sir George Holford, will be on view.

Among the manuscripts may be mentioned one exhibited by Messrs. Quaritch, containing quaint illustrations of unusual interest; and an early fourteenth-century MS. belonging to Mr. Alfieri. Among the pictures one of the most interesting is a practically unknown portrait attributed to Mantegna: it has been reproduced in photogravure as a frontispiece to the Dante Memorial volume. The Provost and Fellows of Oriel College have kindly allowed their well-known Vasari picture to be sent to London, and many who know the picture in reproductions will be glad of this opportunity of seeing the original. Mr. Henry Holiday, whose picture of the meeting of Dante and Beatrice is probably the most familiar representation of Dante in art, has sent one of the original water-color studies for the picture, and also a special study of Beatrice which has never been exhibited before. Mr. G. F. Hill, Keeper of the Coin Department of the British Museum, has put together a small collection of medals lent by private donors and casts of medals in the British Museum. Those who have puzzled over the time-passages in the "Divine Comedy" will be fascinated by the astronomical model shown by the Rev. P. Wicksteed, illustrating the time-passages; and these perplexities will all be solved if they once learn how to manipulate the model without the help of Mr. Wicksteed, who will be as indispensable to them as Virgil was to Dante. These are but a few of the special features of the Dante Exhibition.

No celebration in this country would be complete without a public dinner, and that factor in the celebrations will be provided at the Piccadilly Hotel on Monday, May 2nd. Lord Bryce has consented to preside, and the guests will include the President of the Board of Education, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, the Italian Ambassador, and, it is hoped, the Mayor of Rome. It is sufficient merely

to mention here the memorial volume, to which the leading Dantologists, Italian and British, have contributed. The volume will be issued during May by the University of London Press. These are some of the principal events of the Dante week, which will focus the interest of those who love the Italian poet and who have fallen under his spell; and which will help to cement closer the bonds which unite Italy and England, which link together the fellow-countrymen of Shakespeare and Dante.

WALTER SETON.

From the Publishers' Table.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY'S next subject will be Lord Beaconsfield—a subject well fitted to his mind and gift of ironic characterization.

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON have issued Mr. W. J. Turner's new poem in the form of a quarto pamphlet. The result is excellent, and reminds us somewhat of the style in which eighteenth-century poems chiefly made their appearance. We chance to have before us as we write many beautiful examples of that style. Nothing, for instance, could be handsomer than Mason's Odes, 1756, with its title-page adorned with a design slightly more severe than that chosen for Mr. Turner's book.

WE picked up the other day, or rather raised from the ground, the most princely edition of a poet that we have seen. It was a tall folio containing Parnell's poems, which in the ordinary way could be printed in a shilling garland, but by the devices of the famous Foulis had been swollen to an extraordinary pomp. This eighteenth-centuriness had not deceived the bookseller, who asked one shilling only for the volume.

LITTLE publicity has so far been given to a series of paper-covered manuals on various subjects of importance which Messrs. Duckworth have lately issued. To take two examples, Dr. Falconer Madan writes on "The Bodleian Library at Oxford," and Dr. F. S. Boas supplies "An Introduction to the Reading of Shakespeare." These are thoroughly enjoyable and, despite all difficulties, distinctly original little books.

WE shall be sorry if Professor Gilbert Murray does not reprint "An Essay in the Theory of Poetry" which he has lately contributed to the "Yale Review." Beginning with Aristotle's statement that poetry is mimesis and its function to create "a sort of imitation world," he proceeds in the most persuasive way to justify this conception, even against Matthew Arnold. Professor Murray suggests that progress itself has merely been coherent imitation on man's part of the things he has admired.

WHILE the "Book Lover" continues to be the only literary journal which reaches us from Australia, the "South African Quarterly" (also a sole representative) appears to flourish. It is a lively and even brilliant paper, with Professor C. M. Drennan as perhaps its most spirited contributor. The March issue includes an enlightening study of Thomas Pringle, who, as everybody knows, wrote the verses "Afar in the Desert." Professor Clark, of Capetown, is able to quote other verses of his of no less merit.

MESSRS. NISBET announce the history of "The Fifth Division in the Great War," written by Major-General A. H. Hussey and Major D. S. Inman, and freely illustrated. Lord Haig contributes an introduction.

THE poems of Wilfred Owen have now been published by Mr. Huebsch in America. From that publisher's announcement sheet we learn that the "Beggar's Opera,"

which he has reissued, has lately been played with remarkable success in Canada, and is now, after being excellently received in Indianapolis and Buffalo, adding to the gaiety of the Middle West.

FORTHCOMING books of the Cambridge University Press include a historical account of "Secondary Education in the Nineteenth Century," by R. L. Archer; a monograph by Bishop Browne on certain stone circles discovered in the vicinity of Lord Cowdray's Aberdeenshire estate, entitled "On Some Antiquities in the Neighborhood of Dunecht House"; and a study of early cultures in Europe and round the Mediterranean by M. C. Burkitt—"Prehistory." The last work is to be illustrated with fifty plates.

FROM the same list of important announcements we should mention "Essays on the Latin Orient," by W. Miller; Dr. R. A. Nicholson's "Studies in Islamic Mysticism," a companion volume to that on "Islamic Poetry"; Professor E. G. Browne on "Arabian Medicine"; and an edition by W. M. Lindsay of England's oldest dictionary, of which only one MS. has survived. That MS. is now in the library of Corpus Christi, Cambridge; and the title of the new volume is accordingly to be "The Corpus Glossary."

THE life of Lord Rhonda, by his daughter, is about to appear.

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: BYRON AT PISA.

THE eyes of the world seem at present but idly bent on the career of the man who (as he himself said) ranked with Napoleon in conspicuity. In 1821 there seemed no end to Byron's fame. Magazines, then or shortly afterwards, sprang into existence (and existed) solely on the score of Byron anecdotes and apocrypha, and on the astounding success of his poetry. "Unpublished" verses by him in garbled forms lent lustre to journal after journal. A Mrs. Sheppard, who got from his works the notion that he was irreligious, composed on her deathbed and copied a prayer for his conversion, which Mr. Sheppard duly sent the immortal, who observed: "She must have been a divine creature." Every Mrs. and Miss Sheppard in the kingdom, one imagines, felt an equal interest in the noble lord.

As we may now regard with benevolence the details of the South Sea Bubble, so we may find a very real interest in the career of Byron, though criticism and the reading public have definitely rejected him from the round table of true poets. The account of his *ménage* and routine at Pisa, left us by Thomas Medwin, is not now so accessible as to prevent our briefly putting together its striking recollections. When Medwin arrived, he found Byron there a few days before him, with his queer caravan including "seven servants, five carriages, nine horses, a monkey, a bulldog and a mastiff, two cats, three pea-fowls and some hens, a very large library of recent books, and a great agglomeration of furniture." He had hired an enormous palace for a year, with a vigorous ghost: he occupied the first floor only, and there guarded against intrusion by posting a bulldog (which knew Shelley) at the top of the stairs. Byron was at this time almost a vegetarian, the vegetable diet including two bottles of wine for dinner. His amusements were conversation, fondling the monkey aforesaid, billiards, riding, and so on. He practised pistol-firing every evening, always having eight or ten pairs by the best London makers with him at Pisa; and was a sufficiently good shot. His special mark was a five-franc piece, which he would put when hit—Medwin for some reason does not say at what range—in his museum. He always felt in better spirits after a successful shot.

Life was merely a formula for him at this period, and each day like the last. The conversation, billiards, reading, pistol practice went off like clockwork; dinner was at half an hour after sunset. After dinner Byron would visit

Countess Guiccioli, and returning read or wrote till two or three in the morning. During these vigils he took as a medicine an occasional tumbler of spirits. Many a time Shelley came to see him. Perhaps the best story that Medwin tells, without any ulterior meaning, is that of Byron's handing Shelley the MS. of "The Deformed Transformed" for his comment. Shelley's comment was "A bad imitation of 'Faust'"; and then Byron, with Spartan fortitude, threw the MS. on the fire. And yet, says Medwin, "I was never more surprised than to see, two years afterwards, 'The Deformed Transformed' announced (supposing it to have perished at Pisa); but it seems that he must have had another copy of the manuscript. . . ." We certainly felt doubtful over that Spartan fortitude.

Science.

FACTS AND FAITH.

II.*

THE change from raw, unclassified experience to science marks a new method of advance in our mastery of the circumstances, whether within or without ourselves, which we must either suffer or control. And there are circumstances that we seem unable to lay hands on until they are classified, made somehow to partake of the nature of science. Lightning struck trees, amber was rubbed and straws picked up for generations without counting for anything in our mastery of electricity, either for use or for speculative thinking. But a moment came when the amber and the thunderstorm and even the lodestone showed their kinship, like the falling apple and the moon after Newton, and took on practical meaning for us with their scientific meaning. We notoriously resist the teaching of casual, unsystematized experience except when it is commended to our imitation by the habits of our fellows, but our resistance dissolves before the revelation of science. How many years were there between the first fitting of a lid to a kettle and James Watt? How few between James Watt and a Great Western locomotive! It is said that Thales of Miletus rubbed amber six hundred years before Christ, and it may be firmly believed that he saw thunderstorms, with every result that we can see now. But for over two thousand years nothing came of these noteworthy experiences, although they were shared with him, no doubt, by many other equally skilled explorers of Nature.

Then, after those ages of casual experience, there came the hour and the man for a scientific beginning. The man was English Gilbert, Queen Elizabeth's physician, the hour in the year 1600, when he gave his great treatise, "De magnete, magneticisque corporibus, et de magno magnete tellure," to an ignorant world. Revelation thus dawned magnificently, and it rose like a sun. Volta, Faraday, Clerk Maxwell—and we are in our own times with a universal, immoderate power subdued to work for our narrow, but ever-growing, needs, and opening to our speculative eyes new heavens and a new earth. Now we no longer simply experience electricity and magnetism as casual happenings of amber and thunderstorms and the lodestone: we know about them "causally," as our fond credulity judges of cause; we fancy that we know what they "really are"; certainly we can manage them well just because we have systematized our raw acquaintance with their scattered facts into a science. But in truth we know only about them; the causes we believe in are mere sequences and co-existences, and Lord Kelvin said, after he had spent fifty years—and they seem to us very fruitful years—in trying to find out what electricity "really is," that he had entirely failed. The same may be said of scientific revelation in general. We know more or less and increasingly more about the subject-matters of scientific study and application; we never reach their ultimate secrets. Our physical science is an endless but immensely fruitful regress of inquiry and hypothesis, of new and deeper

*The first part appeared on April 9th.

discovery and new hypothesis. Does experience, psychical or physical, anywhere touch bottom? Those who know most about either are the most likely to acknowledge that it never does.

Yet our rule over Nature and our interest in its ways unquestionably grow with that passage from the casual to the causal (rashly so called). Take our newly aroused and widespread interest in psychical nature. Reviews and books and newspapers and common talk publish it just now. Why only just now? Why, in the name of commonsense, we may well ask, are we suddenly so much more interested in our psychical make-up and behavior than ever before? Far back, beyond Thales, beyond the ages of iron, bronze, polished stone, rough stone, the men who had become men doubtless had much the same make-up and showed essentially a good deal of the same behavior. As soon as the beast became self-conscious, as we say, which means as soon as he stretched his consciousness and his interest beyond himself, and began to put together two and two or one and one of his discoveries, in the human generalizing fashion, he must have begun also to use his own nature as no beast ever does. He must have begun to extend the use of his powers by knowledge and by faith. When he noticed his own pains and pleasures, and guessed that pain might painfully go on and pleasures be sought and won, his mind must gradually have learnt to meddle with his body both for good and ill. The business began with the beginning of true human life. How is it that from that time to this we have, on the whole and most of us, been content to take it as it came, content not to be more than for a moment surprised by its surprises, not to follow up its invitations?

Let us continue in our parallel of science with science, of one experience with another, looking a little closer into our old experience and the new science, or rather the new extension of a science certainly not old.

In 1625 Prince Henry of Orange, during the siege of Breda, being bothered by scurvy among his soldiers, called vigorously on their faith and gave out that he had a medicine for them so potent that three or four drops were "sufficient to impart a healing virtue to a gallon of liquor." So Dr. Frederic Van der Mye says in his record of the result of displaying what he calls "our wonder-working balsams." That result was according to the faith aroused. The army was saved. Scurvy—mind you—for which our English sailors in old days were given lime-juice, and from which they are now protected by wholesome diet. You cannot say "hysteria," and pass by on the other side; nor even "neurosis," at least with a good conscience. This is an "organic" disease. So is, we must suppose, at least for the present, gout. Yet a house on fire, or a fit of ill-temper, may dismiss gout for a man's remaining life. An old man, lying in bed in a ground-floor room, was permanently cured by fright consequent on his son's driving the pole of a waggon through the window close to his bed. These, and a wealth of other similar authenticated tales, were collected and published by Dr. Hack Tuke half a century ago. Moreover, physicians have sarcastically given bread pills and colored water, and have been aware that remoter physicians gave all manner of useless abominations in honest faith, and by these means dealt successfully with a long array of disorders. Homœopathy, in its early stages and without knowing it, and Mrs. Eddy, in all her stages and all her ignorance, have proclaimed *urbi et orbi* for the discerning that faith alone, without globules and false doctrine, may create facts in our economy of mind and body. Dr. Hack Tuke's remarkable book and all this confessed experience fell flat except for the few discerning. Why could not they stir us all, make common property of their discernment?

We had to wait, as we always have, for the hour and the man; or rather in this instance for hours and the men. There were evolutionists long before Darwin; but they could not convince the world. He came with his searching experiments and with his tested and to be tested hypotheses; and we saw. So it was in this matter. Psychologists had discussed their subject, and, up to

a point, had described us admirably. We recognized our likeness, but it left us cold. It seemed academic, it seemed to have no bearing on practical life. In truth it had too little bearing, because they had described us as though they were aware of the whole of our psychical make-up, or, rather, as though the psychologist's make-up, as known to himself, was not only of the same pattern as ours but covered the whole of his and our ground. Happily for us and science, certain groups of men thought otherwise, and set to work to show that psychological science did not go far enough or deep enough, that every man went farther and deeper than any psychologist then knew. And they produced experimental proof that he did. They did not invalidate psychology: they extended its field. That is the way of scientific advance, and we have no need to speak of a new psychology any more than of a new chemistry or of a new physics: we must speak of a psychology growing as every science should. William James said, in his drastic fashion, that every treatise on the subject, including his own, would soon have to be scrapped. No doubt many treatises will soon have to be at least newly edited and enlarged: but we could ill afford to part with any of the greater works, and his, although it must remain untouched, will not cease to delight us. Nevertheless, the necessary changes are supremely important, as he saw after the first of the epoch-making new discoveries, when, in "The Varieties," he wrote thus:—"I cannot but think that the most important step forward that has occurred in psychology since I have been a student of that science is the discovery, first made in 1886, that, in certain subjects at least, there is not only the consciousness of the ordinary field, with its usual centre and margin, but an addition thereto in the shape of a set of memories, thoughts, and feelings which are extra-marginal and outside of the primary consciousness altogether, but yet must be classed as conscious facts of some sort, able to reveal their presence by unmistakable signs. I call this the most important step forward because, unlike the other advances which psychology has made, this discovery has revealed to us an entirely unsuspected peculiarity in the constitution of human nature. No other step forward which psychology has made can proffer any such claim as this."

That was, indeed, a great step, perhaps greater than at that time even William James could see. Another was taken when at Nancy suggestions given in hypnosis, and reaching the unconscious, were proved to have therapeutic power in a wide range of diseases. These two discoveries, with a more recent third, Freud's, brought us face to face scientifically with a new conception of man. He is one who creates, sees visions and embodies them, or thwarts himself and is thwarted: he is a moving, striving life, much of which is hidden from himself, that may be hindered, fettered, perhaps ruined—or set free; and all this by means before unnoticed in psychology, means by which he can influence his hidden self. The latest step, a fourth, has shown us that, indeed, he is his own. A new school of psycho-therapy at Nancy offers us a method of self-suggestion, of dealing with our troubles without hypnosis, and, for most of us, with no physician other than ourselves. We may learn the method in a book of which the English translation was recently reviewed in these columns—Baudouin's "Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion." If we are not interested when we have read this book we never shall be.

As to Freud—we are told by Dr. Rivers, who may be trusted, that his theory of the unconscious "concerns a universal problem of psychology." "It is possible, even probable," Dr. Rivers says, "that the practical application of [this theory] in the domain of medicine may come to be held as one of its least important aspects." And we may, perhaps, see our way to agreeing with this opinion if we think over the special characteristic of that theory, which, Dr. Rivers maintains, is "belief in a process of active suppression of unpleasant experience" in the depths of our unconsciousness. By that process we hide from ourselves our own salutary truth as well as our unfulfilled promise; and, as Freud elaborately, and with much prejudice, points out,

thereby induce bodily disease. It may be that the spiritual disease similarly induced is far more important, but with this Freud and many of his followers naturally have no concern. We, however, have that concern, and need not be bound by the early limitations of a great scientific discovery. We are now much in the same state of enlightenment as to the possibilities and probabilities of our psychical powers as we were in regard to those of electricity when Faraday revealed that astounding novelty, the induced current. But the great thing to consider and rejoice over is not so much the novelty of these psychical discoveries as the opportunity we all have now of passing from the pre-scientific or bedazzled stage into the scientific, where we at least see beginnings clearly and new paths opening. True, the ultimate secrets of our potency of life remain, as do the secrets of every reality and power in Nature, whether subdued or not by science, for our use. Our own secrets loom before us, happily, as both significant and summoning. But faith in the value and trustworthiness of our unfathomed power is the first essential if we are to use that power in our response. Through faith we may come to set it free from hindrances we ourselves have imposed, and proffer the willing co-operation for which, seemingly, it waits. Yet faith implies vision: we do not believe either in physical or in psychical relations unless in some way, perhaps confused or clouded, perhaps no more than one of faint promise, we begin to see. Every great physicist is a man of vision, of hope, and of faith. Without these he could never be great or bring under further command the powers of Nature. And every attainment of his points him to new attainment. In its penetration of Nature physical science passes from depth to depth by an apparently endless regress; and if it is true, as James says it seemed to him, that "the further limits of our being plunge . . . into an altogether other dimension of existence from the sensible and merely 'understandable' world," depths beneath depths, are awaiting us there.

D.

Music.

"CINÉMA NOUVELLE MUSE."

It is June twenty years ago and I sit in the library of the Conservatorio at Naples, cataloguing chamber-cantatas of Scarlatti. Through the open windows come the screams of Gildas, Leonoras, and Aidas, the bleatings and bellowings of Manricos, Otellos, Sparafuciles, and Amonasros; shrill scales and cadenzas from Poland or Hungary whizz clattering past; somewhere else two trumpets reiterate the intricacies of a duet-study in *coloratura*; from the basement, where the orchestra rehearses, there is wafted—like the occasional hot breath from a Tube station—the erotic episode of a symphonic poem by M. Saint-Saëns; over all, under all, and through all vibrates, felt rather than heard, the Immanent Will of Bach at the organ.

It was better to listen to it after luncheon. Then Irene, Mitilde, Clori, and the rest of Scarlatti's fair ladies faded gradually into the distance; from the opposite wall Pergolesi leered at me under half-closed eyelids, as if he already knew all about that young Russian composer of whom none of us poor mortals had yet heard:—

"E come giga ed arpa, in tempra tesa
Di molte corde, fan dolce tintinno
A tal da cui la nota non è intesa,"

so there dawned upon my wandering imagination the first vague sound of that *aria senza tempo* which a later generation was to fix in all the clarity and permanence of printers' ink. After all, I need not have gone to

Naples for it. I might have heard just the same thing in South Kensington; but would it have been so romantic?

Good Americans, we know, used to go to Paris when they died. Nowadays good Parisians look forward to America. It was Goethe who showed them the way:—

"Amerika, du hast es besser
Als unser Kontinent der alte . . ."

But it is in the nature of *Schlaraffenland* that we can never find it; we can only try to build a little heaven below, an America of our own in Paris where life is a perpetual cinematograph and colored coons make cocktails for cowboys all day and all night. It is a world "full of a number of things"; can we fail to be happy in it? The only difficulty is to grasp them all at once. Some forty years ago the painters were fascinated by the same joy. They put down everything they saw, and no more than they could see of it. The method was called "Impressionism." They painted cafés, music-halls, and fairs; they loved queer, conflicting lights and vague outlines, garish colors, and the sort of subjects that were called Bohemian. It was just the time when artists had given up living the actual *vie de Bohème*. That Bohemia had become a *Schlaraffenland*. The musicians, moving at their usual rate of progress, have just begun to discover it, now that the painters have abandoned it. The "Six" whom Mr. Edward Clark is introducing to us are running after the "naughty 'nineties"; some day even M. Jean Cocteau will catch them up.

Writing in the current number of "The Tyro," Mr. T. S. Eliot has some apposite observations on French Dadaist poetry. "It is probable," he says, "that this French performance is of value almost exclusively for the local audience; I do not here assert that it has any value at all, only that its pertinence, if it has any, is to a small public formidably well instructed in its own literary history, erudite and stuffed with tradition to the point of bursting." One could find a similar small public in the world of music, but it would have to be an international public. M. Poulenc's effusions are merely a gesture of impertinence directed at his old teacher, M. Vincent d'Indy, and when people take life and art as seriously as M. d'Indy does, it is very natural that their pupils should have moments of impertinence. Only if (as seems likely to happen in this country, judging from the social success of Mr. Clark's delightful concerts) we are likely to hear a great deal more of M. Poulenc's music than of M. d'Indy's, the gesture becomes so magnified as to appear positively hieratic. We have swallowed enough tradition to feel comfortable, but certainly not to the point of bursting; and even if we were erudite we should be horribly ashamed to appear so. We do not wish to be taken for Germans.

As long as the musical world was dominated by German influences people had to pretend to enjoy a great deal of music which was really very dull and tedious. The old classical music of Beethoven and Brahms had had something of its own to say, in its own day at any rate; it was followed by a quantity of stuff which had nothing to tell us except that we were sitting in a concert-room supposed to be listening to classical music. The present generation revolts rightly against the hypocrisy of these spiritual exercises. Besides being honest, it is musical enough to see that Puccini and Massenet are no better than the would-be classicists. It turns in desperation to the music of the streets. But it has not the genuine impulse to create music for the streets that shall say new and vital things in their own language. All that it can attempt is to give classical concert-goers the outward impression of street music. The most it can do is to play two vulgar tunes simultaneously in different keys with a generous percentage of wrong notes. It is an exceedingly self-conscious form of naughtiness. It makes no appeal to those people who naturally take pleasure in the music of the streets. The sort of people who go to Mr. Edward Clark's concerts may think that it would be delightful if all the revues had music written for them by composers of this type; but when "Le Bœuf sur le Toit" was given at the Coliseum, the audience—the real Coliseum audience, that is—seemed to derive very little pleasure from it. If they like vulgar tunes, they like

them one at a time, and they do not see why eminent professional musicians should be paid high fees to play wrong notes. It is music for jaded intellectuals; our own profess to enjoy it because they think it is so French, and the French profess to enjoy it because they think it is so American. It represents a purely imaginary France and a purely imaginary America.

Dante in fact foresaw the kind of music described by Miss Sitwell:—

"In the swirling restaurant,
Where liqueurs at perpetual feud
Dispute for sequined lights and taunt
Hot leaves, our dusty souls exude
Their sentiments, while scraps of sense
Float inward from the band and flaunt—
Disturb the general somnolence."

Mlle. Germaine Tailleferre one might describe as the Miss Sitwell of the French Six; she has just the same jingling and glittering elegance—a *dolce tintinno* of pianoforte and celesta. To judge from the few materials available, she seems to be the most interesting of the party. She may at one time have had a desire to be shocking, but her passion for style invariably gets the better of her. Propriety is in her bones. But she is not really composing music; she is only trying to reproduce the effect of music upon herself. The same scraps of sense float inward from the band and flaunt, rather more aggressively, in "Le Bœuf sur le Toit" of M. Darius Milhaud. His tunes are South American—South America or North, what does it matter? probably America, too, is divided into seven circles—and have an impulse that is quite irresistible. The effects of mixed tonality are really very simple. It may be observed that when these composers write in two keys at once they write the most obvious commonplaces. If they did not, the audience might never be able to grasp that there were two keys at all. It is a curious inversion of ancient practice. Mozart wrote commonplace figures for what he wished to throw into the background; M. Milhaud uses them for the sake of prominence. It is all rather like the pianoforte recital of the monkey Fanfreliche—

"Meaning comes to bind the whole,
Fingers separate from thumbs,
Soon the shapeless tune comes:
Bestial efforts at man's soul."

EDWARD J. DENT.

The Drama.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

WHEN the Phoenix Society announced a revival of "The Witch of Edmonton," it was not unnatural, perhaps, to think that if the play had possessed any merit it would not have disappeared from the stage (as it seems to have done) after its first performance in 1621. Happily, these fears were disappointed. The Phoenix production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on Tuesday last, proved that this composite work of Ford, Dekker, Rowley, and others is full of vigor, poignancy, and charm. These qualities it must have had for its first audience (assembled only a few months after the execution of the real "Witch" of Edmonton, the unhappy Elizabeth Sawyer), but its appeal is greatly enhanced now that it has acquired historical perspective. To the modern spectator it presents at least three points of special interest—its picture of seventeenth-century witch-baiting, its glimpses of the country life of the same period, and the "romanticism" of its central love-tragedy.

Consider first the witch-motif. It is curiously difficult to make a Witch convincing on the modern stage; when "Macbeth" is played the witches are almost always sublimated into vague Norns or Fates. Yet the seventeenth century took its witches gravely enough to have something like a special Government Department to grapple with them. As a matter of fact who knows what the witches really were? Had they the powers of modern

"mediums"? And, if they had, what is the explanation, occult, psychic, or fraudulent, of mediumship? However this may be, the Phoenix had to-day to solve a real problem, if they were to make Mother Sawyer and "Dog," her familiar, "get across" to the audience at all. In a moment of inspiration they turned to the Grand Guignol. There were to be found players part of whose trade (though happily not all of it) is to make the grotesque and the absurd appear, just for a flash, both credible and horrible. Had not Mr. Russell Thorndike and Miss Sybil Thorndike dared to do "Punch and Judy" as a tragedy of flesh and blood? Here were obviously the only possible Familiar and Witch. The calculation was sound. In so far as the Grand Guignol formula covers "The Witch of Edmonton," these brilliant artists were admirable. Never, we think, has even Miss Thorndike put on a more wonderful "make-up" than the withered, hairy face of her Mother Sawyer. In support of the face were all the fell attributes of Sycorax, "with age and envy grown into a hoop," and all Miss Thorndike's hypnotic intensity. Lamb would not have slept for a week after seeing her. Mr. Thorndike's task was harder. To take the skin and mask of the pantomime dog, the red-spangled eyelids of the pantomime demon, and add them to the lines of just the sort of homely, humorous devil nobody can possibly believe in to-day, and yet to succeed in making out of these unpromising ingredients an original fiend, honestly blood-curdling with his were-wolf howls, his sardonic malice, and his sinister canine way of casting spells by stretching his back against the legs of his victims—to bring this off, as Mr. Thorndike did, needed creative imagination. And yet between these two clever fantasists of the *macabre*, something essential to the play slipped out and was lost. Elizabeth Sawyer, after all, was a real woman, who met a tragic death, and the authors not only keep this in mind, but take care to brand it on the minds of their audience. They show how the pitiful crone is driven by starvation and long years of savage village persecution to the pretence or the practice of witchcraft, exactly as Shakespeare showed how Christians manufacture Jews like Shylock. That they should, after this confession, serenely proceed to join the witch-hunt as Shakespeare does the Jew-hunt, is characteristic of their age—and every other. But you distort the Witch of Edmonton, just as you distort Shylock, if you do not show the tragedy as well as the infamy of the character. Yet which of us felt that a real woman lurked and suffered beneath Miss Thorndike's haggard Fury?

Against the flame-shot darkness of the witch-scenes there is something peculiarly restful and gracious in the picture of Old Carter, the yeoman, and his household. The honest bluntness and sternness of the old man, so finely portrayed by Mr. J. A. Dodd; the simplicity and sweetness of his daughter Susan, scarcely disguised by the rhetoric she spouts; the jolly talk about the doings and feastings of the countryside, the fatherly Justice of the Peace, the arrival of the mummers and morris dancers—among them the immortal Clown, the very same who pranked on the Atellane boards in ancient Latium; the eternal rustic, proof in his humor against age, disease, and misfortune, singeing the devil's beard without fear or ill-will—all these people and things have the fragrance of English orchards. We like them better—ah! how much better!—than Frank Thorney, gentleman, and his tragic villainies. Here they are again, these wind-blown waifs of the *Sturm und Drang*, the genteel seducer, and his secretly married wife following him in cloak and breeches (which Miss Marjorie Gordon, of course, knows how to wear with most graceful forlornness); here is the bigamy committed with poor, trustful Susan, and her devil-prompted murder on a blasted heath (suggested to perfection by a single leprous tree trunk), sick-bed remorse, ghosts, and an edifying repentance on the way to the scaffold in a handsome black, jet-trimmed suit, with obsequious and deeply moved guards, anticipating the interesting prisoner's lightest wish. Rare stuff of hypocritical, Renaissance debauchery! How it haunts our stage from the Elizabethans (Shakespeare can hardly plead "not

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guilty") right on through the seventeenth century! A little daunted in the age of Reason by the prim virtue of Addison's Cato and the malicious clicking of Captain Macheath's stolen snuff-box, behold it sprouting fresh wings in the age of "Manfred" and Macready. Disgustful, lustful, *larmoyant* Romanticism—

"Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, hence!"

But it is interesting all the same to receive fresh evidence that this stock of ideas was not the invention of Byron and Chateaubriand, but as old as our theatre—interesting, even though Mr. Ion Swinley, who played Frank Thorney, is by nature too intelligent and sincere an actor to make much of such a part. Moreover, these scenes are good Romanticism, as moving and tearful as it can be, and they make us think that the Phoenix programme is right in attributing them to Ford. Undoubtedly the Directors of the Phoenix have great skill in the choice of plays. If they cannot pick out a masterpiece each time, they usually pick out something worth giving—something curious, subtle, provocative of thought.

D. L. M.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Alpine Club Gallery: The Belvoir Hunt, and Other Scenes of English Country Life, by A. J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.

We do not know what the apostles of art for art's sake would say to Mr. Munnings's paintings of the Belvoir Hunt. Probably they would be pained, yet the ordinary man might complain with some justice that artists seem to breathe a rarefied air that would never fill a robust pair of lungs, and from this he might conclude that art were better left alone. It is all to the good, we think, that Mr. Munnings, like Mr. Masefield with his ballad of "Reynard the Fox," should show that art does not necessarily hold itself aloof from the ordinary occupations and enjoyments of life, that it is not altogether a thing of æsthetics, and that æsthetes are not the only persons concerned with it. The art of the 'nineties, and of the Pre-Raphaelites before that, threw up a barrier in England between what the ordinary man was accustomed to think about and a region of exquisite sensations and imaginings in which the artist chose to live secluded. Probably even to-day the man of robust habits thinks somewhat contemptuously of painters and poets as pale-browed creatures inclined to mawkishness who would be all the better for a little exercise.

Well, they won't think that about Mr. Munnings, and his exhibition is attracting people who are probably not at all accustomed to art galleries. The horse, we know, is a noble animal, the friend of man. Moreover, a fine horse in movement is one of the most graceful and harmonious spectacles that nature has to offer. It is impossible to spend any time with Mr. Munnings's pictures without realizing that he believes in the horse not only as a thing of beauty, but as a thoroughly satisfactory creature from every point of view, and no painter can have this attitude towards a noble subject without in some measure ennobling it still further. Yet we are not sure that the art of Mr. Munnings will add anything essential to the enjoyment of the man who sees with the common amount of awareness the beauty of the thoroughbred horse. We first became acquainted with these pictures through the reproduction of one of them in an illustrated paper, and it was not until we read the accompanying text that we realized we were not looking at a photograph. To paint a picture of a horse that looks, in a black-and-white reproduction, like a photograph means that the artist has extraordinary powers of accurate observation, but it means also that he lacks the faculty of heightening and intensifying his vision by the still rarer power of the imagination. We feel when we look at these horses that Mr. Munnings has affirmed about them what we knew before, that they are noble animals, the friends of man, &c., &c. We knew, too, that well-groomed thoroughbreds had glossy, silky coats, and possibly oil paint, handled as

Mr. Munnings knows how to handle it, gives them a super-equine glossiness and silkiness.

But do Mr. Munnings's horses succeed in any way in replacing real horses? Are they better than, are they as good as, real horses? We cannot, of course, have real horses on the walls of a room, and it may be said that an accurate painting of a horse is the best substitute. This is a very familiar view of art: that it enables us to enjoy in the house things which are too big to bring through the door, or which, like a landscape, the obduracy of nature forbids us to move about. Art in this sense brings the mountain to Mahomet, and is therefore a convenience of life, like the telephone or the railway. There is yet another view of art, which Mr. Masefield expresses with generous warmth in a foreword to the catalogue: that it deepens and extends imaginative perception in the spectator. Thus a painting in the exhibition of a man leading a bull leads Mr. Masefield to reflect: "Without the bull man would be little indeed. He could hardly cultivate, he could hardly live. We here, living in this modern world of gas and God knows what, exist because somewhere, far enough out of sight of many, a man leads a bull thus." We do not deny that Mr. Munnings's bull may have this quickening effect on the mind, but to praise a picture because it makes you think of something else seems rather ungrateful. In all seriousness, might not a poster of Bovril lead Mr. Masefield's mind in the same direction?

We think it is possible to admire Mr. Munnings's art quite directly for the sake of its vigor and gusto. His bull is well observed and boldly painted, like his horses and gypsies; his landscapes have freshness and charm, and are as much a part of the pictures as the animals. Best of all, the animals are not endowed with dignity or impudence, with human pride or pathos.

O. R. D.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- April
Sat. 30. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Great Epoch of Exploration: Spain," Mr. H. Yule Oldham.
Irish Literary Society (7, Brunswick Square, W.C.), 8.—"Ireland and Iceland," Miss Eleanor Hull.
- May
Mon. 2. Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, E.C., 1.20.—"War from the Soldier's Point of View."
Royal Institution, 5.—Annual Meeting.
King's College, 5.30.—"New Light on Pentateuchal Problems," Lecture I., Prof. A. S. Yahuda.
University College, 5.30.—"The Supreme Court of the United States," Dr. H. H. L. Bellot. (Rhodes Lecture.)
University College, 5.30.—"Decorative Bookbinding in England," Mr. Cyril Davenport.
Aristotelian Society, 8.—"On Prof. Driesch's Attempt to combine a Philosophy of Knowledge and a Philosophy of Life," Miss H. D. Oakeley.
- Tues. 3. Royal Institution, 3.—"Darwin's Theory of Man's Origin, in the Light of Present-Day Evidence," Lecture III., Prof. A. Keith.
Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"Paper-Pulp Supplies from India," Mr. W. Raitt.
King's College, 5.—"Cosmogony and Stellar Evolution: Observational Evidence," Mr. J. H. Jeans.
King's College, 5.—"Hellenism and Judaism," Lecture I., Canon A. C. Headlam.
King's College, 5.—"The Renaissance of Polish and Slavonic Literatures," Lecture I., Mr. L. Wharton.
University College, 5.30.—"Political Relations between Holland and England since 1572," Lecture I., Prof. P. Geyl.
- Wed. 4. School of Oriental Studies (Finsbury Circus, E.C.), noon.—"The Rise of British Rule in South Africa," Miss A. Werner.
University College, 3.—"The Paradiso," Lecture I., Prof. E. G. Gardner.
Royal Archaeological Institute, 4.30.—"English Medieval Alabasters in Iceland and Denmark," Dr. P. Nelson.
Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Anglo-American Relations: a Personal Impression," Sir Geoffrey Butler.
Geological Society, 5.30.
King's College, 5.30.—"English Decorated Architecture," Prof. P. Dearmer.
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